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I Heard a Voice.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

I heard a voice, which said,
Write, blessed are the dead;
That die in Christ, the Lord;
Rejoicing in His word.—
They, shall from all their labor rest,
Henceforth,—and be forever blest.

Their works, shall follow them.—
No earthly diadem,
Bath ever shown so bright,
As in those realms of light
The labors of their love, shall shine
In that fair spirit home, divine.

Yea, blessed, indeed, are they,
Who pass from earth, away,
Confiding in the Lord,
Believing in His word.—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys that are for them prepared.

Then fear not, thou, to die,
And live beyond the sky,
In that Divine abode,
Where dwells the Lamb of God,
Who gave His life, that we, through
Him,
Might be redeemed from death and
sin.

Webster, Michigan.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

EIGHTH—MARTIN VAN BUREN.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, the eighth President of the United States, was born at Kinderhook, New York, on the 5th of September, 1782. After acquiring the best preparation the schools in his neighborhood afforded, he entered upon the study of law in the office of Francis Sylvester, of Kinderhook, where he remained about six years. Before he had completed his law studies, he discovered that the way to celebrity lay through the mazes of politics, and that he who would successfully pursue it must do so without wavering or doubt. Assuming the politics of his father, who had been a staunch supporter of Jefferson's administration, he entered the arena at a very early age, and so won upon the confidence of his neighbors and friends, as to be appointed, before he was eighteen years of age, a delegate to a convention held for important political purposes in his native county. From that hour to the present day he has been intimately associated with the political history of his country, and has held the highest offices the suffrages of his fellow-citizens could bestow.

In 1802, Mr. Van Buren, with a view to his profession, removed to New York, and completed his studies in one of the first offices in that city, and, after obtaining a license, he returned to Kinderhook, where he opened his office and commenced the practice of his profession.

In 1807, he was admitted to the higher courts, and fairly entered into competition for the honors and emoluments of the legal course; where his skill and forensic powers soon entitled him to rank among the foremost of his brethren. In 1808, he was appointed surrogate of Columbia county, the first public office he held. In 1812, he was elected to the Senate of New York, where he soon distinguished himself as a leader of the Madison party, and one of its most eloquent supporters. He was again elected to the Senate in 1816, and, during the four succeeding years, took a prominent part in support of the great measures of internal improvement which have reflected so much credit on the State of New York.

In the year 1821, Mr. Van Buren entered upon a wider sphere of labor, having been elected by the legislature to the Senate of the United States,

where he took his seat in December following. During a course of nearly eight years, Mr. Van Buren distinguished himself for his attention to business, and devotion to the great principles of his party, and, at the end of that time, was recalled by his fellow-citizens to preside over the councils of his native State, and on the 1st of January, 1829, he took the oath of governor, and entered on the discharge of his duties. He held this office but a few weeks, for, on the elevation of Andrew Jackson to the presidency, he was called to the head of his cabinet, and repaired to Washington to enter upon his duties as Secretary of State in March of the same year.

Mr. Van Buren held the office of Secretary of State but two years, during which time, however, some of the most important measures of foreign relations came before his notice, and under his administration were successfully adjudicated. In the summer of 1831, he resigned his seat in the cabinet, and was immediately sent as minister to the court of St. James. But, on the Senate's refusing to ratify his nomination, he returned to the United States; and having been put in nomination by his party as Vice President, was elected by a large majority. Having served with much acceptance to his friends in this secondary office, he was triumphantly elected, as the successor of General Jackson, to the office of President, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1837. Having served the constitutional period of time, he retired from the political arena, and has since led a comparatively quiet life.

Of Mr. Van Buren's political acts, and the character of his administration, of the affairs of the nation, it is not our province to speak. As a man, neighbor, and friend, few public men have attained so desirable a reputation. Amidst all the bitter outpourings of the vials of political wrath, no stain has fallen upon the ermine of his private character, and he still commands the personal respect of men of all political parties.

Gems of Thought.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, and the nourishment of content.

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew shuts against rain.

He who dreads giving light to the people is like a man who builds a house without windows for fear of lightning.

The shortest day of our year comes in winter—fit emblem of our life, at once dark, cold, and short.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Universal love is like a glove without fingers which fits all hands alike and none closely.

Gibraltar.

Besides its admirable advantages as a place of strength, this promontory may be said, owing to the narrowness of the strait upon which it juts out, to command, not only the corner of Andalusia immediately under it, but the whole of the western coast of Spain, comprising nearly two thirds of the whole maritime circumference of that country. It effectually cuts off all communication by sea between that part of Spain which is bounded by the Mediterranean and those parts which are bounded by the Atlantic.

It appears, however, to have been late before the importance of this rock



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

was discovered. The ancients had a fable that Europe and Africa were originally joined at this point, and that the two continents were riven asunder by Hercules, and a passage thereby opened between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Gibraltar, under the name of Calpe, and Mount Abyla opposite to it on the African coast, were called the Pillars of Hercules, and appear to have been in very early ages regarded by the people dwelling to the east of them, including the Carthaginians, the Greeks, and the Romans, as the western boundary of the world. It was probably long before navigation penetrated beyond this limit. Even in after-times, however, when Spain became well known to the Romans and a province of their empire, we do not read of any fort being erected on the rock of Calpe. It is doubtful if it was even the site of a town. No Roman antiquities have ever been found on the spot or in the neighborhood.

The place appears to have been first seized upon and converted into a military station by the Moors when they invaded Spain in the beginning of the eighth century. From their leader, Tarif, it was in consequence called Gibe-Tarif, or the Mountain of Tarif, of which Arabic name Gibraltar is a corruption. Soon after establishing themselves here, the Moors erected a lofty and extensive castle on the north-west side of the mountain, the ruins of which still remain. Gibraltar continued in the possession of the Moors for between seven and eight centuries, with the exception of about thirty years, during which it was held by the Chris-

tians, having been taken soon after the commencement of the fourteenth century by Ferdinand, king of Castile. It was recovered, however, in 1333, by Abomelek, the son of the emperor of Fez, and the Moors were not finally dispossessed of it till the middle of the following century. After that it remained a part of the kingdom of Spain down nearly to our own times.

The promontory of Gibraltar forms the southwestern extremity of the province of Andalusia, running out into the sea in nearly a due south direction for about three miles. The greater part of this tongue consists of a very lofty rock. It rises abruptly from the land to the height of fully thirteen hundred feet, presenting a face almost perfectly perpendicular, and being consequently from that, its northern extremity, completely inaccessible.

The west side, however, and the southern extremity, consist each of a series of precipices or declivities which admit of being ascended. The town, now containing a population of above seventeen thousand persons, is built on the west side. Along the summit of the mountain, from north to south, runs a bristling ridge of rocks, forming a ragged and undulating line against the sky when viewed from east or west. The whole of the western breast of the promontory is nearly covered with fortifications. Anciently, it is said, it used to be well wooded in many places; but there are now very few trees to be seen, although a good many gardens are scattered up and down both in the town and among the fortifications. A

great part of the rock is hollowed out into caverns, some of which are of most magnificent dimensions, especially one called St. George's Cave, at the southern point, which although having only an opening of five feet, expands into an apartment of two hundred feet in length by ninety in breadth, from the lofty roof of which descend numerous stalactical pillars, giving it the appearance of a Gothic cathedral. These caves seem to have been the chief thing for which Gibraltar was remarkable among the ancients. They are mentioned by the Roman geographer, Pomponius Mela, who wrote about the middle of the first century of our era. The southern termination of the rock of Gibraltar is called Europa Point, and has been sometimes spoken of as the termination in that direction of the European continent; but Tarifa Point, to the west of Gibraltar, is fully five miles farther south.

It is impossible for us here to attempt any description of the fortifications which now cover so great a part of this celebrated promontory. Gibraltar was first fortified in the modern style by the German engineer, Daniel Speckel, at the command of the emperor Charles V., toward the close of the sixteenth century. But little of what was then erected probably now remains. Since the place fell into the possession of the English, no expense has been spared to turn its natural advantages to the best account, and additions have repeatedly been made to the old fortifications on the most extensive scale. It is now, without doubt, the most complete fortress in the world.

More than half a century ago Gibraltar was accounted by military men almost impregnable. "No power whatever," says Colonel James in his "History of the Herculean Straits," published in 1771, "can take that place unless a plague, pestilence, or famine, or the want of ordinance, musketry, and ammunition, or some unforeseen stroke of Providence, should happen." It is certainly now much stronger than it was then. One improvement which has especially added to its security, is the formation of numerous covered galleries excavated in the rock, with embrasures for firing down upon both the isthmus and the bay.

Gibraltar was taken by an English fleet, under the command of Sir George Rooke and the prince of Hesse Darmstadt, in July, 1704. The project of the attack was very suddenly formed at a council of war held on board the admiral's ship, while the fleet was cruising in the Mediterranean, and it was apprehended that it would be obliged to return to England without having performed any exploit commensurate to the expectations with which it had been fitted out. The affair proved a very easy one: the garrison, which consisted of one hundred and fifty men, having surrendered after a bombardment of only a few hours. The assailants lost only sixty lives, the greater part by a mine which was sprung after they had effected a landing. In the latter part of the same year a most resolute effort was made to recover the place by the combined forces of France and Spain, which failed after it had been persevered in for several months, and had cost the besiegers not less than ten thousand men. The loss of the garrison was about four hundred.

At the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the possession of Gibraltar was confirmed to England. In 1727, however, another attempt, on a formidable scale was made by Spain to dislodge the foreigners. An army of twenty thousand men having encamped in the neighborhood, the attack was commenced in February and continued till the 12th of May, when it was put an end to by the general peace. In this siege the garrison lost three hundred in killed and wounded; but the loss of the besiegers was not less than three thousand. The guns in the fortifications, it is worthy of remark, proved so bad, that seventy cannons and thirty mortars burst in the course of firing.

DON'T FRET.—This is a world of ups and downs, crosses and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equanimity of one's temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like caustic applied to a sore. It inflames but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong, and it does that very often, don't fret. If a man cheats and then laughs at you for a verdant one, make the best of it and then keep cool. Fretting will only make a bad thing worse. The stage upsets or the cars leave you behind—if the cook spoils your dinner or the thick-headed servant misdelivers an important message—if the "dear image of its beautiful mother" repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into your plate and wiping them on your snow white shirt bosom—if the bank fails and State repudiates—keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the hundred and nineteenth psalm, do say anything "lovely and of good report;" but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don't fret. It is marvellous how much good nature and patience will do towards curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.

The beginning of sublime sciences is often so simple as to seem worthless.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES: A Series of Lectures on 2 Peter 1: 5-12, by Joseph P. Thompson D.D., New York: Sheldon & Company.

This little volume, rich in mental treasures and religious thoughts, is made up of a series of lectures written in illustration of all those prominent virtues which constitute and grace the Christian character. The topics of which they treat, and which are embodied in the passage of Scripture referred to in the title of the volume, are, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly-Kindness, Charity, The Choir of Graces, and From Grace to Glory. These topics and the possession and exercise of which are the very pre-requisites of Christianity, are handled in that clear, succinct, yet logical and comprehensive style and manner which constitutes the distinguishing characteristics of the productions of Dr. Thompson, and which adds new beauty, interest and life to any subject touched upon by his able pen. Dr. Thompson is one of the ablest and most popular divines in New York city, and who for nearly fifteen years has been the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. The pre-requisites of Christianity, the necessity of being a Christian, a true and devout follower of Jesus Christ, and the beauty, the contentment, and the serene happiness of the Christian's life, are portrayed in this volume in a manner which, while they arrest the attention, edify the mind by instilling therein the noblest of Christian truths and maxims, they also please the imagination and stir up in the mind a spirit of emulation. It is a volume well worthy the perusal of every rational creature. It deals with great truths and vital principles, and deals with them in an able manner. It is not a book to be cursorily read, but wants to be studied, and read again and again, and it is worthy of a dozen perusals. It is beautifully printed in 16 mo. muslin.

THE GREAT CONCERN OF MAN'S RELATIONS TO GOD AND A FUTURE STATE. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D.; 1 vol. 12 mo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This work is the production of a strong, vigorous intellect. The author is a bold, original and forcible thinker, and lets his thoughts forth in an unequivocal manner. There is no mistaking what he means to convey. He grapples with his subject and handles it as though he were its master. His book is really a valuable contribution to the religious literature of the day. It will always be treated with respect by even those who do not think and believe as its author believes and thinks. It is the work of a master mind, and is devoted to the discussion of several important subjects connected with the Christian's life. We are informed by the publishers' advertisement that, "During the general attention to the subject of religion in 1857-8, a desire was expressed by some of the author's parishioners that several discourses that had been of service to inquirers, should be printed in the form of Tracts for general distribution. They were accordingly issued under the title of 'Truths for the Times.' Of these Tracts more than eleven thousand copies have been sold." Several of these Tracts—the most important and valuable—have been arranged and printed in this volume. They are six in number, and treat of the following subjects: Instantaneous Conversion, Justification and its Consequences, Our Bible, Scriptural Argument for Future, Endless Punishment, Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment, and God is Love. All the light deducible from the Sacred Record and modern research is brought to bear upon these various subjects, not for the mere purpose of making out a case but for the purpose of arriving at the truth. The whole book differs very materially from the volumes of "Sermons" that issue from the press; its articles partake more of the essay, and are therefore better adapted to the times and to the wants of the general reader. We commend this book for its candor, its earnestness, and the good sense displayed in it.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE. Translated by W. Edmundstone Aytoun, D. C. L. and Theodore Martin. New York: Delisner & Proctor.

Here is Poetry, such as delights the gods! This dainty little volume contains some of the sweetest things ever written by the celebrated Goethe, and which are admirably rendered into English by the translators. We hail this work with profound pleasure, and shall treasure it up as one of the choicest little volumes that we have.

Many of the poems contained in this volume were, several years since, published in "Blackwood's Magazine," and have never been collected until the publication of this work. Of these poems Mr. Lewes, the accomplished biographer of Goethe, remarks, with equal

truth and felicity of expression:—"they are instinct with life and beauty against which no prejudice can stand. They give musical form to feelings the most various, and to feelings that are true. They are gay, coquettish, playful, tender, passionate, mournful, reflective and picturesque; now simple as the 'tune which beats time to nothing in your head,' now laden with weighty thought; at one moment reflecting with ethereal grace the whim and fancy of caprice, at another sobbing forth the sorrows which press a cry from the heart." Mr. Lewes is here alluding rather to the lyrics than the ballads, of which latter some may be ranked as among the most perfect and powerful of modern poetical compositions. The many lovers of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister," will be equally well pleased with these verses, to the composition of which Goethe devoted a great deal of care. It is really refreshing to receive a volume of such poetry as this, in these days of degenerate rhyme.

SERMONS Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Fifth Series. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12 mo. \$1.

Perhaps the most popular preacher in England and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He is also very popular in this country, as is proved by the rapid and extensive sale of his printed Sermons. He is a very remarkable man, and his Sermons have about them the ring of the true metal. It were a work entirely unnecessary for us to make any extended comments upon a work like this, which almost everybody will have. The book contains twenty-seven Sermons and is prefaced with a very fine engraving representing the author preaching in the Surrey Music Hall, London. It is well "got out," and will sell immensely.

The Great Balloon Voyage.

On or about 22d June instant Professor Wise and two friends will, wind and weather permitting, depart from St. Louis, Missouri, in a balloon, with a view of arriving at a point on the Atlantic shore between New York and Baltimore.

In Harper's Weekly of 18th instant, are engravings illustrative of this remarkable event, and a portrait of the leader of the enterprise.

Mr. Wise's first ascent was made at Philadelphia rather more than twenty-four years ago. Since then he has ascended in balloons more than two hundred and thirty times; so that he is at the present time the most experienced aeronaut living. Of course, in so many adventures, he has run some risks. Of these, however, he is slow to speak. Indeed he positively says that "the dangers" the papers say he has run have been "purely imaginary."

After seven years' practice of aerial navigation, Mr. Wise at length began to assert the principle which constitutes the corner stone of his great theory of practical aeronautics. After an ascent from Lewistown, Pennsylvania, in 1842, he made an entry in his diary to this effect:

"It is now beyond a doubt in my mind established that a current from west to east in the atmosphere is constantly in motion within the height of 12,000 feet above the ocean."

A series of ascents, spread over several years, having uniformly confirmed his views, he sought further evidence on the point from abroad, and wrote to the famous English aeronaut, Green, to know if he had noticed any western current. Mr. Green immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave the statistics of a dozen ascents made in Great Britain, in every one of which he had observed the invariable western trade-wind in the upper region of the air.

The point thus settled to Mr. Wise's satisfaction, he proposed to turn it to account by planning a transatlantic balloon voyage. He knew that he could make a balloon which would remain aloft for three or four days, which would amply suffice for the voyage, as fifty miles an hour is quite moderate speed for airships; and he knew that the current was there. All that he wanted now was a little of that wretched dross, the want of which keeps so many valuable discoveries in the shade—hard cash. He had no means to build and equip a balloon of the requisite size and strength for a three days' voyage. Nor could the money—small as the sum was in comparison with the enterprise projected—be easily raised. Mr. Wise applied to his friends, who gave him the cold shoulder. He memorialized Congress; the memorial was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, where it slumbers still. He petitioned the merchants of New York and other large cities; they went on selling cotton and flour, and looked upon Wise as a madman. So after years of anxious, weary struggles, the poor aeronaut was forced to abandon, or at least to postpone, his darling experiment; and contented himself by astonishing the public by making short voyages always from west to east, and descending at the point he

had selected with wonderful accuracy.

He was indeed badly treated. During the war with Mexico he offered to take Vera Cruz without losing a man, if Governor Marcy—then Secretary of War—would only give him the money to build a big balloon and to hire a few assistants. He engaged to float his balloon a mile above the forts of Vera Cruz, and from that eminence rain down a thousand bomb shells on the astonished Mexicans, who, as he naively remarked, could not bring their guns to bear on an object directly above their head. Fancy the artillerymen of San Juan d'Ulloa aiming at Mr. Wise in his balloon, at a height of a mile or so between them and the sun! Unhappily again, Mr. Marcy was one of those incorrigibly hard-headed men who could not be convinced that Vera Cruz was to be taken by Mr. Wise; he preferred Gen. Scott, and again disappointment befell the luckless aeronaut.

Stupid public! They wouldn't say anything about it; and so it happens that now, nine years after that touching appeal was written, we are still only on the threshold of the experiments which are, in the opinion of the aeronauts, to demonstrate the practicability of turning the western aerial current to good account.

In May last a Convention of aeronauts was held in New York, at which Prof. Wise was present. It was there proposed and agreed that three or four prominent aeronauts, whose views coincided in the main, should associate themselves together for the purpose of carrying out a series of experiments, too costly for any one of them singly.

Prof. Wise thus associated with himself Mr. Gager of Boston, Mr. Lamont of Troy, and Mr. James P. Gage of New York. These gentlemen agreed that the question to be determined was whether long aerial voyages from west to east are practicable; and for the purpose of determining this question they projected three voyages, the first of which, from St. Louis to New York, will, as we said, be attempted on 22d June. If this be successful, the next voyage, from San Francisco to N. York, will be attempted this fall. And if that also succeed the aeronauts will, next spring, endeavor to cross the Atlantic.

The public is now anxiously awaiting the developments of these trials—to snout if successful—to hiss if a failure.

Venice.

BY MADAME LE VERT.

It was past ten o'clock. Still we lingered on the balcony, thinking, in truth, "it was wronging such a night to sleep." At length we called Antonio, our janitor gondolier, and told him to bring out the gondola from its haven, where it lay beneath the shadow of the Ducal Palace. In a few moments it glided to the steps; the black cabin was removed, so there was no covering between us and the sky. We were soon floating along the broad laguna, leaning back upon the soft cushions and luxuriating in the matchless beauty of the scene. Three wonderful pictures have I beheld in Italy, which will hang forever on the walls of memory. One was the illumination of St. Peter's; another, the Niagara like cataract of fire pouring from the crater of Vesuvius; and the third is moonlight in Venice. There is a glory about the moonlight here never attending it elsewhere; the smooth sheets of water receive its beams as though they were inverse mirrors, and thence reflecting them upwards, fill the atmosphere with a light of such dazzling brightness, we constantly exclaimed, "this cannot be night!" It seemed a mingling of the soft tints of the early morning and the radiance of the twilight. The air was warm and delicious, imparting a gentle languor to the senses, and lulling all troublous thoughts and cares to perfect oblivion. It was like a beautiful dream, where we seemed borne up by invisible wings and wafted from joy to joy.

Along the piazza of San Marco were multitudes of lamps, their rays piercing the still waters as though they were arrows of light. Every object was softened and rounded by the moonbeams, and its shadow singularly distinct in the water below it. Thus there appeared two cities, one above another below the Grand Canal, each with their winged lion. From the open window of a palace came the sound of merry dancing music, while beneath another was a gondola with serenaders. We made an entire voyage through the streets of Venice, passing under the "Bridge of Sighs," which for a moment shut out the moonlight completely; then we glided by the palace of the Doge, and did not wonder the sad Jacopo was willing to endure even torture that he might look upon it again; we lingered for a while beneath the marble-cased arch of the Rialto, and saw the house of Shylock and the home of Othello—thus, "slowly gliding over," we passed all the landmarks of historic and poetic interest. "To-morrow we part with Italy," I murmured, as we looked for the last time upon the radiant and moonlight city,

and deep regret welled up from the fountain of my heart. I love the beautiful country, it contains so much to enrapture the fancy and delight the mind. Ah! such happy days we have spent in its grand old cities, by the classic shores of its memory haunted Mediterranean and along its picturesque lakes. One must be insensible to the glories of the past and to the present not to love Italy. As the home of the greatest statesmen, the noblest poets and bravest heroes of antiquity, it is invested with a soul thrilling interest. As the land where the early Christians planted firmly the holy Cross, emblem of our Saviour's love, it is truly sacred. Earth, sky and air possess here a beauty unknown in other climes. Every city has some treasure of painting, sculpture or science. Each river, vale and mountain has its poetic or historic legend. In the forms of its poorest inhabitants we often see the loveliness and manly grace which gave to Phidias and to Praxiteles the models of the peerless statues of the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvidere. A mournful feeling of compassion for her present wrongs must endear Italy to the American heart, since from the skeleton form of her once glorious republic we have seized the outline of the noble fabric of our own free and independent government.

In all our wanderings through this lovely land, we have never encountered one disagreeable incident, or met with look or word of rudeness or unkindness. The people have everywhere been cordial and thoughtful of our happiness and pleasure. There may have been times when we were uncomfortable and wearied—when we were vastly troubled by beggars and annoyed by overcharging innkeepers; but these were trifles, like notes seen for a moment in the sunlight, then vanishing away. Hillard, whose admirable book on Italy I have read since my return to America, says most truly:—"It is only the hours of sunshine that are marked upon the dial of memory." Thus shall I ever cherish the pleasures we have experienced here and the remembrance of the dear friends who have gladdened our sojourn in beautiful Italy.

A DESERTED WIFE ABANDONING HER CHILD IN THE WOODS TO DIE.—A melancholy case of crime has come to light within a day or two at Haverhill, Mass. It appears by a statement in the Boston Traveler that a female named Jones, 18 years of age, who had been deserted by her husband, recently started from Lawrence, with her child, three months old, for Haverhill. On the road, however, she turned into the woods, and selecting a place suited to her purpose, sat down and nursed her infant freely, and gathering some dead grass for its head, laid it down a southern slope of a slight earthy elevation to die of hunger and exposure. She then proceeded to Haverhill, and subsequently inquiry was made for her child, to which she replied that it had been dead two weeks. The circumstances were communicated to officer Davis, who obtained a full confession of the crime from her own lips. She accompanied the officer to the spot, and aided in finding the remains of her child, which were in a much decayed condition, the skull being as bare as though it had been bleached by the sun and rain of years. The woman appeared deeply moved when she beheld the lifeless remains of the child of her bosom, and says the act was perpetrated because she could not endure the thought of having her child live, liable to become a degraded and miserable being like herself. She has been arrested.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—Mrs. Mary Dunlap, wife of Samuel Dunlap, residing in Albany, Ga., was killed by lightning on 4th inst. The Albany Patriot says:

It seems that a flash of lightning struck the house, boring a hole about half an inch in diameter immediately below the eaves on the north side, passing through, struck a paste-board box, setting it on fire, and from thence struck Mrs. Dunlap, (who was sitting beneath the box,) melting a gold chain around her neck and killing her instantly. The next sign we see of the electric fluid is a torn off splinter from above the lock of the front door, passing through the upper facing of the door frame.

LIGHT-HOUSES DISCONTINUED.—The light-house board have directed a number of light-houses to be discontinued on and after the first of August next, among them are the following:—Missillion light-house, Delaware; Smith's Point light-house, Virginia; Ocracoke channel light-vessel, Ninety-foot Shoal light-vessel, Beacon Island light-house, North Carolina; Mount Pleasant light-house, South Carolina.

DEATH FROM GRIEF.—E. J. Saunders, the father of the young man implicated in the poisoning case at Newberry, S. C., died a few days since. The shock of his son's arrest was so unupportable that he was confined immediately to his bed by an attack of illness from which he never recovered.

THE BLIND.—A recent report of a Pennsylvania institution for the Blind, states there are at present in the United States twenty-one institutions for the education of the blind, which contain about eleven hundred blind persons. The entire number of blind throughout the Union is estimated at 10,000. The whole number received into all the institutions from their foundation, and now living, is estimated at 2,100. Excluding this number and those not eligible, amounting to about 6,100 persons, there would remain nearly 4,000 blind persons in the United States, of fair mental capacity, who are not at present receiving any regular mental or mechanical instruction. Many of these will never be reached. But institutions have rapidly multiplied, and additional energies are constantly put forth. In 1833, the first three institutions were founded in the United States, the Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In 1839, there were five; in 1844, seven; in 1851, fourteen; in 1858, twenty-one. By the census of 1850, the proportion of white blind persons to the whole population of the U. States, was one in 2,445.

THE GREAT MAMMOTH HOTEL IN NEW YORK.—The New Yorkers are priding themselves upon another hotel structure, nearly completed, on the Fifth avenue, and upon which \$1,141,000 has already been expended. The following is a brief description of the great structure:

The building covers sixteen full lots of ground, is seven stories high, and has an elevation from the cellar to the roof of 167 feet. The front on Fifth avenue and Broadway is 2 1/2 feet; on Twenty-third street 215 feet, and Twenty-fourth street 196 feet. It is capable of accommodating at least 800 guests. There are eight large public parlors, 120 private do.; four dining and tea rooms; 40 chambers and 60 other rooms for servants, &c. Nearly all the principal chambers have baths and water arrangements complete, there being fully 100 baths in all. The heating of the building is done by steam, for which three boilers, each 22 feet in length and nearly 5 feet in diameter are provided. From these the steam is conducted all over the building, the condensed steam being carried back to the boilers by a return flue. The boilers and gas-house occupy a distinct building, wholly exterior to the main structure. To facilitate communication between the different stories, a luxurious car or ladies' carriage is provided, which will guide from the lower floor to the uppermost story, easily conveying eight or ten persons at a trip. This car is propelled by steam, and passes up and down upon a revolving spiral shaft nearly 100 feet long and about 10 inches in diameter; and so perfect is this invention that under no circumstances is there a possibility of accident. The grand dining hall is 80 feet long, 60 feet wide and 21 feet high, lighted with eleven elegant chandeliers. The whole establishment has been leased for a term of years to Parant Stevens, Esq., proprietor of the Tremont and Revere houses, Boston, Mass., and will be opened about the 1st of August.

SENATOR SUMNER.—The Northern papers tell us that this gentleman is now in Paris, in fine health, and that he "hopes to retain enough of it to stand the fatigues of the coming session of Congress." We hope so too, and if a session of Congress is too "fatiguing" for Mr. Sumner it is to be hoped he will resign, and allow the people of Massachusetts to search out somebody with health enough to endure the tremendous labor of sitting in a chair in the national capital for two or three hours each day at the snug per diem now allowed members of Congress.

DR. HINES AGAIN IN TROUBLE.—The notorious Dr. Hines, bigamist, swindler, and rascal in general, who has figured largely in Georgia and Northern Alabama, is again in the clutches of the law, in Memphis, Tennessee. He first turned up in that city as a rich planter from the Mississippi Bottom, who had been overflooded, and was fleeing with his family from the flood, to his summer residence in Middle Tennessee. He afterwards played the confidence game so successfully that before he was suspected he had raised nearly \$2,000.

WEST POINT EXAMINATION.—The concluding exercises of examination week occurred at West Point on Tuesday. A class of twenty-two were graduated. The Hon. John Kerr, of North Carolina, delivered the address. Gen. Scott was present, but took no active part in the exercises.—Elias B. Carling, of Md., stands No. 10 on the list of graduates. Robt F. Beckham, of Va., No. 6, and Moses H. Wright, of Tenn., No. 7.

CONVALESCENT.—Chief Justice Taney who, for the last few days, has been indisposed at his hotel in Richmond, Va., was, on Wednesday, sufficiently well to attend at the United States Circuit Court in that city.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17, '59.

The German Celebration—Fall in Flour—The Commencement—Hot Weather—Going to the Springs.

Throughout the middle States the week past has been a time of rejoicing among the German residents. In New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and in this City celebrations have taken place in which all the German volunteer companies, glee clubs and Turners participated. The "Seegerbund" of this District, in company with large delegations from all the Northern Cities and from Norfolk and Richmond, had a merry time yesterday at Arlington Spring, which is situated on the Virginia shore of the Potomac just opposite Washington. About ten thousand persons were present on the grounds, and the vocal entertainment, including a chorus of many hundred male voices, was exceedingly fine.

The great mass of the people, who are not spectators, are just now delighted with the fact, that, in spirit of the progress of the war in Italy, flour is rapidly falling. In truth there is no good reason why it should have risen to its present high price, the scarcity having been nearly artificial and fictitious.

The time for the Commencements is rapidly drawing near and the large brood of soon-to-be-fledged scholars are full of gleeful anticipation.

The weather here has lately been exceedingly close warm and disagreeable; every evening we have a thunder gust which serves to cool the air for an hour, but the relief is only temporary.

Nothing whatever is stirring—if I except the fashionable gentry, who are leaving town by every conveyance for the summer resorts.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. June 20th, '59.

The War and the Warriors—More lawyers—Fun and Frolic—A fish tale—Fourth of July—Two famous events in one week—The Public Treasurer.

Dear Times: The public opinion is so much concentrated on the war in Sardinia, that we have thought it proper to give our readers some slight account of the most remarkable men, who are directing the movement on the side of the Italians. Louis Napoleon is undoubtedly the head, heart and hand of the Alliance; no man is more feared by his enemies, more loved by his friends and less known by either than he is; years ago when he was wandering the streets of London and New York, no one ever regarded him as anything more than a witless fop; now he is looked on as one of the ablest men the world has known, and if he shall prove himself an able general he will indeed be worthy of his name and place, a noble parallel of the First Napoleon. The initiatory steps of this, his first campaign, do indeed seem to indicate consummate skill, and if he shall drive out the Austrian and declare United Italy free, the world will bless his birth and hail him as one of its greatest benefactors. For the present, we are content to take him as we find him; he declares his sole intention to be to benefit Italy, moved thereto by considerations of the highest and holiest character; notwithstanding the scriptural injunction, we will trust him. No man was ever yet able to predict anything of him, so far has he often overpassed all the ordinary considerations of Humanity; Mr. Buchanan recently remarked that Louis Napoleon was the only great man, of whom no one, more far sighted than his fellows, had predicted in his youth, somewhat of his future fame; but after all his researches in Europe and America he had discovered no such prophet. We had intended a sketch of Garibaldi, the famous partisan, whose successful forays have so often discomfited the Austrian troops, but want of space compels us to defer this and those of Mazzini, Kossuth, &c., until a more convenient season.

The Supreme Court has made no less than fifty-two new lawyers; really if they increase at this rate the court houses must be made larger; there is scarcely room enough and certainly not business enough for the hungry applicants now. It is some consolation, though, to know that they do not all stay in the State; our neighbors share the burden as well as ourselves; how much better it would be, if many a one, perhaps the son of a poor, hard-working farmer or of an indigent mother would devote his superabundant leisure and modicum of talent to cultivating his mother earth, making bread, instead of eating that of other people.

A Pic-nic we believe is never considered complete without a shower, any more than a sleigh ride without an upsetting; our experience here is no exception to the rule, for a small party of our small people were out on a frolic the other day and came in for a most

liberal allowance; starch and white muslin dissolved partnership, hoops wouldn't spread themselves, any way they could be fixed, and ribbons and flounces floated no longer; the more it rained the more and more flowed fun and frolic, but the rain got the best of it at last and almost washed the frolic out. As a voracious historian too, we are compelled to chronicle a tea-party, where just as the guests were about to retire a most unseasonable shower drove them back; nobly they resolved "it wouldn't do to give it up so;" they went back and began where they left off and the wee sma' hours about the twal' found them still merry and happy. Mr. Frensey, the renowned Professor of Terpsichorean amusements, concluded a most successful season by an exhibition of the proficiency of his pupils on Friday evening last; it was well attended and much entertainment and amusement were elicited by the performances.

A young physician of our acquaintance getting tired of the monotony of his profession was on the lookout for fairer fields of practice and hearing that a large sturgeon had been seen in the Neuse, some ten miles from here, concluded to take him as the subject of some new experiments in Phlebotomy. After due preparation, a successful cast of a "harpoon" secured him and he was found to be near seven feet long, weighing close to 200 pounds. Quite a whale among the minnows.

Richard C. Badger, on the invitation of a Committee has consented to deliver the 4th. July Oration; he has recently graduated at Chapel Hill and we may confidently expect an address worthy of the honorable lineage from which he sprang. Wm. J. Sanders is the chief marshal, with Messrs H. R. Bryan, Wm. Percival and others, assistants. The Committee do not progress very rapidly in procuring subscriptions; the idea seeming to prevail that it is a proper subject for the exercise of municipal liberality.

The week just passed contains two anniversaries of notable importance, June 17th the battle of Bunker Hill and 18th that of Waterloo.

Our Treasurer is absent in N. Y., making arrangements for a loan to pay the first instalment of his subscription to the New Bank.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY AT SEA.—The trial of Capt. Ephraim Pendleton, for alleged cruelty to a seaman, was, at last accounts, proceeding in San Francisco, and developed a fearful chapter of the woes of seamen.

Wm. Johnson sworn.—I was an ordinary seaman on board the bark Sarah Parks, on her late voyage from Cardiff to this port; I was whipped on board several times; on the first occasion I took a little bread, for which I was whipped; was hauled up by the hands with a piece of rope; the captain struck me with a piece of rope; my back and stomach were cut all to pieces; the cook rubbed the wounded places with salt pickle; after the pickle was used on me I was put over the bows and kept there all day; one morning, at 4 o'clock, while at the wheel, I was so hungry that I could hardly stand upon my feet; I had to leave the wheel and go down to the scuttle to take some bread; the second mate came on the poop and saw I was down there; told him I went down to take a piece of bread; the second mate said he would go and tell the captain; for doing this the captain tied me to the strong back and flogged me; 25 lashes with a cane were given on my bare back; the captain took me down, but put me up again, and gave me 12 more lashes after receiving the last twelve, I was put on my wrists and then fastened to the ring-bolt, lying down; two buckets of water were thrown over me; I was then taken down through the after-hatch to the coal between decks, with iron on and there fastened to a stanchion; could not stand up; the space between the coal and the upper deck was from feet to waist; could not slide the iron up on the stanchions; was kept there eleven or twelve days; remained there until we reached San Francisco.

Lieut. Cole, U. S. N., has been detached for service on the coast survey.

At Bastrop, La., on Sunday week, the Rev. John B. Spencer, while preaching in the pulpit of the church, suddenly fell back dead.

Hon. Benj. C. Yancey, U. S. Minister to the Argentine Confederation, has tendered his resignation.

Nathaniel Ray Greene, the last surviving son of Major-General Greene, of the revolution, died at Middletown, R.I., last week.

The South Carolina papers announce the death of Chancellor Dargan, of that State.

Delightful seasons for growing crops.

IMPORTANT RAIL ROAD ENTERPRISE.

—The Baltimore American says:

The latest project to facilitate travel is one to maintain a system of continuous trains on different Southern roads. By the proper combination, the route from New York and Philadelphia to New Orleans may be done, it is said, in three days. To do it at present requires six and a half, which is the schedule time. To arrange upon the proper plan, a convention, comprising the Presidents of all the Southern roads in the same interest, was held at Philadelphia a few days ago at the office of the Baltimore Rail Road Company. The result of their deliberations will in all probability be a new line from New York to New Orleans, to the Gulf side of Florida. This will be one of the most important lines now in the country, and will concentrate more streams of travel than any other route now extant. Its course is to Charleston by rail road, thence by steamer one hundred and fifty miles to Fernandina, thence one hundred and fifty miles by rail road to Cedar Key, thence by steam up to New Orleans. The advantages of this line, independent of reducing the time fifty per cent., says the Philadelphia North American, will be such as to prove advantageous to all the roads composing it. As far as comfort is concerned, nothing can surpass it. Travelers can enjoy their rest, and pass from the temperate to the tropical zone with little fatigue. The consummation of these arrangements will be looked to with special interest.

On the completion of the connection between Danville, Virginia, and Greensborough, North Carolina, this route may be still further facilitated.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—During his visit to North Carolina, Secretary Thompson thus expressed himself, concerning the absurd idea of re-opening the slave trade:

"In my own state a class of restless reformers have started a movement which demands the re-opening of the foreign slave trade. Laws which were passed fifty years ago, at the urgent instance of the Southern States, prohibiting the slave trade, have been discovered to be unconstitutional, and their longer continuance on the statute book, it is claimed, is destructive of the progress and prosperity of the South. In the advocacy of this new theory some able men have enlisted; but I do not believe there is one among them who believes the ends he aims at can ever be accomplished while the Union lasts; and God forbid that a movement, for the South should ever succeed! But suppose the demand is made upon Congress to re-open the slave trade, and Congress should refuse to yield to the demand, shall the South, taking fire at the refusal, strike for disunion? For one, I shall oppose the re-opening of the foreign slave trade, in the Union or out of it; and when that movement is made, which I fear not, you may run up the stars and stripes. I will rally under that flag. In North Carolina, in that day, I do not believe there will be any division."

ORANGE PRESBYTERY convened in Danville, on Monday evening. Its services were opened with a sermon by Rev. S. A. Stanfield, of Milton.

Rev. E. Hines, of Greenville, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. J. B. Shearer and A. C. Lindsey, temporary Clerks.

There are in attendance about 25 Ministers and 14 Elders.

Two young men have been received under the care of the Presbytery as candidates for the ministry. Others already under the care of Presbytery were examined on portions of their studies.

Rev. J. Henry Smith was received from West Hanover Presbytery, and a call was placed in his hands from the church in Greensboro.

Church at Spring Hill sent in a call for the services of the Rev. E. Harding.—Also the church of Lexington, N. C., sent in a call for the services of F. H. Johnston.

Meetings thus far have been conducted with great harmony, and have been well attended.—*Danville Transcript.*

DIED FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—Eliha Litchfield, one of the wealthiest and best farmers in Mechanicville, Saratoga county, aged about 80 years, was bitten by a cat, in the thumb, on the 1st inst. On the Sunday following the thumb commenced swelling, and quickly extended to the arm. Mortification set in, and on Tuesday resulted in death.—*Troy Whig.*

Dr. M. A. Santos, the oldest druggist in Norfolk, Va., is dead.

The Navy Department has received intelligence of the death of Lieut. John K. Duer, at Apalachicola, Florida on the 14th inst.

Hon. H. W. Miller will deliver his "Lecture on the Eighteenth Century," in Statesville, on the approaching 4th of July.

DEATH OF A PRINTER WHO KNEW "JUNIOR."—The Pendleton (S.C.) Messenger, in a sketch of the "Old Stone Meeting House," in that town, after speaking of several celebrities buried in the graveyard, says:

Beneath a cluster of cedars repose all that is mortal of John Miller, printer.—We lingered long by his grave, for his eventful life afforded us food for meditation. If we could have seen and conversed with his descendants, who live in this vicinity, we could have gained a fuller sketch of him. Mr. Miller was the oldest typo in the State. For the publication of Junius' letters—the author of those papers he well knew—he was expelled from England.—He came to South Carolina; probably worked for a while in the office of the first paper published in this State at Charleston, and from thence removed to pendleton, using the press which Gen. Greene had in his campaign; he did job work until he commenced the publication of the Pendleton Messenger—second paper established in this State.

The world has speculated much as to the authorship of Junius, but John Miller carried the secret to his grave at the "Old Stone Meeting House," and has left no information as to the name of the author.

The "mumps" is raging in Petersburg Va. as an epidemic.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McRAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the profession of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire, places, fuel, &c., \$8 per month. English Branches \$10 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietors, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations, ascertained by application to—

REV. WM. L. LANGDON, Proprietor, Jan. 20, '59, High Point, N. C.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

B. I. NENT KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER

Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices:

| 2 inch | 3 ply | 12 1/2 | ets. | per foot. |
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| 2 1/2 | " | 15 | " | " |
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| 5 | " | 27 | " | " |
| 6 | " | 32 | " | " |
| 7 | " | 38 | " | " |
| 8 | " | 42 | " | " |
| 10 | " | 60 | " | " |
| 12 | " | 72 | " | " |

J. B. F. BOONE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists,

are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

FOR SALE BY FISHER & FORD, Grocers and Commission Merchants, NEWBORN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
35 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphate Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags,
75 bbls N. O. and Muscov. Molasses,
20 1/2 bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.
65 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars.
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra Coffee,
25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring,
No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls,
1/2 bbls, 1/4 bbls and 1/8 bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at Bakers' cash prices.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons indebted to the estate of Asa Lednum, deceased, that they must make payment on or before next November Court, as longer indulgence will not be given, as there are several claims against the estate. Some of the legatees of the will, also, want their money. All persons failing to comply with the above request will find their notes and account out for collection, without respect of persons, as I cannot make payment without money. I hope a word to the wise will be sufficient.

D. W. LEDNUM, Administrator.
May 28th, 1859.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15th, 1851.



C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851. All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same. He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums, in Boston, New York and Baltimore. Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 25m:ew

SPURGEON'S SERMONS!

SPECIALLY REPORTED IN THE

New York Waverly, every week. 52 Complete Sermons for ONLY \$2, including weekly the Gems of the New York and Boston Pulpits, Henry Ward Beecher, Drs. E. H. Chapin, Tyng, Neely, Killoch, &c., &c., with a vast amount of Literature, Novellettes, and Travels. III. VOL. New York Waverly.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS will henceforth appear every week in the New York Waverly, photographically reported exclusively for this paper, at great expense, and forwarded by every steamer. The first number containing a faithful portrait of the great divine, now electrifying England, will appear in the number dated June 11, 1859, with an Original Biographical Sketch, prepared expressly for our columns, by the Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston. This is a novel feature in journalism, and goes a little ahead of Bonner.

Every subscriber to the New York Waverly for \$2 per annum single, or 1.50 in clubs, will get Fifty-two Sermons of this great divine, besides the Gems of the Sunday Sermons of H. Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Drs. Neale, Tyng, and others of the greatest divines of New York and Boston, weekly, during the year, together with a rich and rare variety of Literary Matter, Romances, Travels, Sketches, Poetry, Humor, Biography, Wit and Wisdom. In short, all that can be gathered to make the finest literary paper of this advanced age, by the best American and European writers and orators.

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Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, } Assistants in Literary Department

Miss Bettie Carter, }

Miss E. E. Morphis, }

Miss A. M. Hagen, }

Miss L. C. Van Vleet, } Assistants in Music.

Miss M. A. Howlett, }

Miss Pattie Cole, }

Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.

Mrs. J. Bethel, }

Miss M. Jeffreys, }

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra)

\$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidentals, \$10; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11-1y)

ROOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE

formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of

Roots and Shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second price, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.

May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, Agent.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider—Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by

W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, June 25, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARTERS, D.D.,
WM. B. HUNTER,
J. STARR BOWMAN,
MR. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITTELEY,
MARY W. JAMES,
WILLIAM E. PARSON,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. BERRY,
ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MEKE,
and others.

Our Book Table.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. Edited by George Ripley and Chas. A. Dana. Royal Octavo. J. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

Five volumes of this magnificent publication have already been issued to subscribers, at intervals of three months, to be followed on July 1st with the sixth. These volumes bring the word down to the letters Cou, embracing an average of 2500 words in each volume. Some idea of the comprehensiveness of the work may thus be understood, though an examination of the volumes, and frequent opportunities to put to the test their stores of information are necessary to prove the completeness and thoroughness of this useful enterprise. The editors are men of learning, tact, experience, general information. They have called in the aid of many of the ablest writers in the country, each man taking the branch or branches of knowledge with which he may be most familiar, and emptying his mind as it were into articles upon it as a whole, or on its collaterals. Careful revision—which sometimes condenses and sometimes enlarges the article—is then applied, and the result is generally a perfect explanation of, after a finished essay on, the subject in hand. Mere disquisition has been much avoided. The aim is to produce a practical work of reference and full information upon the whole circle of Useful and Universal knowledge.

An American Cyclopaedia has been for many years a desideratum. We have associated with it, when proposed, the idea of learning brought down to the most recent date, and the idea of learning set out with that degree of fresh and popularized phraseology, which, as a people, we most admire. Directness of language is the first requisite, and freshness, or directness of ideas the next; with these we had hoped to see the sum total of knowledge which a Cyclopaedia proposes to give, recast with the promptness of American habit in publication. These requisites, so far as the five published volumes will enable us to judge, are to be admirably fulfilled in the New American Cyclopaedia. The individual authors, of whom rather more than two hundred are engaged upon the work, have each and all by their long familiarity with the subject they discuss absolutely earned an express right to speak upon their several themes. Thus, who so well qualified in this country to speak upon Banks and other Monetary topics as Henry Carey Baird, the eminent political economist of Philadelphia? or on Mexican geography and history than Hon. Jno. R. Bartlett, late U. S. Boundary Commissioner? or on Machinery and Engineering than Victor Beaumont, of New York? or on the Atlantic Ocean as Edmond Blunt, of the U. S. Coast

Survey? or on Oriental History and Legend as Dr. J. W. Palmer, author of Up and Down the Irrawaddy, etc.? or on Agassiz as Prof. C. C. Felton, the naturalist's personal friend? or on South Carolina History and Revolutionary Biography as Wm. Gilmore Simms? or on Chess as D. W. Fiske, and so on *ad infinitum*. Everett, Bancroft, Sparks, Parsons, Jno. Esten Cooke, Dana, Hil-dreth, Hillard, and other equally eminent names are also identified with this extraordinary undertaking.

Embracing as it does the results of the latest investigations of science, the latest inventions in mechanics, the latest labors of art, the labors of the ablest minds in literature, the value of this work to every man of intelligence and learning can hardly be estimated. We are glad that it is generously appreciated by the intelligent public. Already has it a vast army of subscribers, now rising 12000, in all parts of the country, and constantly increasing. This is interesting as suggestive of the fact that the amount thus paid by the people of the United States to the numerous persons concerned in the manufacture and distribution of this single work, will be far in advance of five hundred thousand dollars!

WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL. A Tale. By James Fenimore Cooper. New York. W. A. Townsend & Co.

This is the fifth monthly volume in a splendid uniform edition of Cooper's complete novels, now publishing by subscription, by Messrs. Townsend & Co., New York. Of the work itself we have no need to say any thing. But the various elegant accessory features of the publication, united to its fame as one of the best of Cooper's fictions, demand that we lay them before our readers. Foremost are the illustrations by Darley, fourteen of which on Steel and Wood, by the best artist in the country, grace this single volume. The paper is cream-tinted, hot-pressed and calendered, manufactured expressly for this edition; as is also the type, which is of beautiful clearness and finish. The binding, after a new pattern and with bevelled edges, of course harmonizes with the general appearance of the work. The previous volumes comprise the Pioneers, Red Rover, Last of the Mohicans, and The Spy. to be followed on July 1st with the Bravo. As the work is not for sale by booksellers let every reader send to the publishers, New York, for a volume.

MEMOIR OF CHIEF JUSTICE THEOPHILUS PARSONS. With Notice of some of his Contemporaries. By his Son, Theophilus Parsons. 1 vol. 12 mo., with fine Portraits. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

Chief Justice Parsons, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was one of the famous men of his day, very few enjoying a sounder or more widely-spread reputation, socially, politically, and professionally. His vast stores of knowledge, his urbane disposition, and his characteristic modesty, became him well, in public and private life, as a Jurist and as the Chief judicial dignitary of his State. He possessed great sagacity, and that influence in politics which a strong mind can wield over publicists and partisans. His individual character was dashed with eccentricity—just enough to make him original and not annoying. This excellent memoir of the Son exhibits the father well, and is especially interesting for the political and legal history blended with the personal narrative, and the anecdotes which enliven the technical details. It is a biography of National interest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAMLYN—By Henry Kingsley, 1 vol., 12 mo., Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

An extraordinary narrative, pronounced by the English critics from the Athenaeum down—or up—the sensation novel of the year. The author is a brother of the Rev. Chas. Kingsley, and like the celebrated Rector of Eversley disdains conventionalities in novel writing, though unlike him he does not so far violate probability as to push his imaginary incidents to impossibility. The work is full of stirring, healthy vigor, every page being alive

in the sturdy, full-blown indications of genius. If Charles Kingsley's name were on the title page, we could accept the book as his, and suppose that he had laid aside impracticable theories for awhile, and condescended to accept the world somewhat as we find it. A good authority suggests that the author cannot possibly intend to write another volume, since he has here prodigally wasted incidents and love scenes enough to serve for a line as long as Banquo's issue, or G. P. R. James's. Lovers of quick shifting action in a fiction will make a note. The scenes of Australian life introduced are novel and intensely interesting.

BUSSEN'S LIFE OF LUTHER—Wiffen's Life of Torquato Tasso—Lamartine's Life of Oliver Cromwell.—Each in 1 vol., 24 mo. New York, Delisser & Procter, Publishers.

These three little volumes are the 8th, 9th and 10th instalments in a series of sterling biographies, yecept The Household Library, now publishing by the enterprising firm above named. They are good biographies, are written, like the rest of the series, by eminent hands, and contain a world of information in a nut-shell of space. Chevalier Bunsen's Luther is by all odds the best written account we have of the great reformer, and is as crowded with the particulars of his life as many a bulky tome, and is also vastly more readable.

The Life of Torquato Tasso, by J. H. Wiffen, includes, in addition to the Memoir, an Appendix on the Jerusalem Delivered, by M. Sismonde de Sismonde. It is one of the most interesting of the series. Lamartine's Cromwell is a valuable little work. Oliver is one of the sturdy facts in history which cannot be ignored. Men speak of him according to their judgements or prejudices, one class denominating the usurper everything that is wicked, another all that is wise in government and patriotic in purpose. The truth lies between; and to read the estimate of a Frenchman as generous and impartial as Lamartine may help the reader to a just decision.

These little volumes deserve a place in every Household Library. Their convenient size and low price qualify them for general use, and their presence in the household will often tempt the reader to familiarize himself with the great spirits of the world when more ponderous tomes would only keep him away in despair.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT, RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.—Gathered from Old Authors, 1 vol., 24 mo. New York, Delisser & Procter.

This is the fifth edition of a very gem among books—a book of Pearls, as its title indicates. It contains the Life Thoughts of the immortal men of a past age; sages, philosophers and poets; Francis Quarle, Collier, Hall, Arthur Warwick, Feltham, Pascal, Thomas Fuller, and a host of other worthies of the Seventeenth Century. Their best sayings are gathered into this most recherche of brochures. Every selection is a gem, evincing thought, refinement, taste and religious temper, in the compiler as well as author. The "thoughts" are well arranged, and admirably classed for reference in a model Index at the close. The book should be in every family in the land, lying side by side with those indispensable to family worship. It is perhaps not generally known that this excellent little manual of gems of the old philosophers is the production of Mr. Fred. Saunders, the author of Salad for the Social, Salad for the Solitary, and the new volume, Mosaics.

The Kraken.

Milton, in the first Book of Paradise lost, compares Satan, after his fall from heaven to

"That Sea-beast Leviathan, which God of all his works Created hugest that swim the ocean stream: Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam, The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff Deeming some island, oft as Seamen tell, With fixed anchor in his scaly rind Moors by his side under the lee, while night Invests the sea, and the wished morn delays."

The poet probably had in mind a fabulous animal described by an old writer, and called the Kraken. He says, "the most remarkable creature in this sea (Norway) is the Kraken, an animal of the polypus kind; but seemingly a mile and

a half in circumference. The Norwegian fishermen, sometimes in a hot Summer's day find no more than 20 or 30 fathoms of water where the depth used to be 80 or 100: and here they catch plenty of cod and ling. They know that the Kraken is below them and they are fishing upon his back.

When they perceive by their lines that the water grows shallower they judge that he is rising slowly to the surface and row away with great expedition. At a proper distance they lie upon their oars, and in a few minutes part of him appears above the surface, like a number of small islands and sand-banks covered with seaweed and abounding with a great variety of fish that leap about and roll off his sides into the water. At length a great number of pellucid antennae rise upon his back, as large and as high as the masts of a ship, or of moderate sized vessels.

By means of these instruments, or tentacula, he moves himself, and gathers in his food which consists of small fishes: after he has remained a little time at the surface of the water, he begins to sink gradually and this motion produces a dangerous swell or whirlpool in the water. In all probability the floating islands that have been described by so many voyagers were no other than the backs of these huge monsters!

Milton had, without doubt, seen this, or some similar description of the Kraken.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—The following is but too true and frequent a picture of matrimonial unhappiness arising from incongruity of tastes, incompatibility of tempers, or a mutual opposition of opinions which always end in confirmed dislike, neglect and wretchedness.

"Let us all who have experienced the blessing of a husband, or who have more sadly learned its value by its reverse, say whether indeed the devoted, constant love of a husband is not a blessing worthy to be prized and cherished. All who have known this happiness will agree with me; but still more will the forlorn, the wretched, the broken hearted! who pine alone—who sit and weep over times gone by—when the cold, neglectful husband breathed to them of naught but love and affection, when he once watched her every look and motion, and listened to each word in eager fondness, now leaves her, lonely, deserted—weeping, perhaps to cast his eyes of love on others—when he now leaves the once-adored and happy wife. As the tears fall silently down her care-worn face, does she not think with bitter envy of the lost possession of that treasure—the devoted love of a husband? Yes, yes: it was once hers and she repaid it, by the full gift of all the strength, the depth of woman's calm, unchanging love! She gave her heart—her affections—her own soul—oh! too much perhaps, forgetful of her God! and that gift which had been sought for and won, where is it now? It is despised, neglected, cast aside! She tries to smile against hope: she tries to hide a bursting heart under a placid brow; to seem happy, and thus she may chance to win back the wavering heart. But no! he comes—he speaks in careless displeasure, in cutting sarcasm, or perhaps, still worse to bear, he scarcely speaks to her! It is too much! He sees her weep—he has seen her smile; in angry impatience he turns away muttering, 'what folly!' and again she is left to weep alone in the bitter earnestness of a bursting heart!—Yes! let those who have known the bright reverse be thankful! Let them acknowledge their blessedness! Let them cherish and guard the precious possession, so soon, so easily lost."

NICARAGUA PREPARING TO RECEIVE GEN. WALKER.—The Nicaraguan Government appear to be anxiously expecting another invasion from Gen. Walker, and are making preparations to give him a warm reception. They recently sent to England for five hundred Minie rifles, which may be expected out early next month.

NEW YORK, June 14.

The Government has recovered the claim of \$130,000 against the estate of Gardner, the forger of famous Mexican claims. The money has been paid over.

WASHINGTON, June 14.

The New Orleans and Key West mail contract has been relet to the former contractors at a reduction of \$11,000 per annum on the amount given for the last year's service. The contractors also agree to extend the service to Havana for the postage receipts.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

While "Poningoe" is busy in his law office, we have taken advantage of his absence and opened some of his letters. We hope he will pardon us, but as the "Devil" only knows who it is that committed the depredation, we have no fear of the old Ed. As we have read his letters, we will publish them for his edification. The first is from his personal friend Wanderer:

Entered "Poningoe" Gossip, Esq.

My dear fellow, I am delighted to meet you in the friendly columns of our favorite "Times." We have not met for many long days—days that seem to be about forty-eight hours long—and I had given you up as having forgotten your old law-chum; when, lo! you turn up as "Editor" of "Our Own Gossip." Well, strange things occur every day. I shall next hear, no doubt, that you have joined your fate with that of some fair maid of the "Old North State." "Sich is life," and we must expect a revolution now and then of some kind.

You cannot have forgotten the days of yore. Their memory haunts me pleasantly as I jog along towards my last sleeping place and occasional rays of golden sunlight reflect their halcyon hours. They could not always last, for everything mortal must fade away and be no more, though their fragrance-like sweet incense fills the heart.

Clouds will gather over the spirit's sky, the deep thunder of care will rumble through the clouds and the lightning of trial will shoot across the horizon of peace, but amidst the raging of the tempest and the howling of the blast if like the beaten rock we stand all shall be well. The sweet "peace be still" of confiding faith shall drive away our fears and point us to the better land. The dazzling sunlight of hope shall drive the clouds away and joy succeed the storm. I love to connect with such consoling reflections the scenes of the past and the memories of those who were actors in them. Friends tried and true are rare and valuable gems, but "like angel's visits they are few and far between." Position in society, though much to be desired—wealth convenient and necessary, if rightly obtained, and fame with its allurements cannot give a holy satisfaction to the soul, for they are fleeting.

I've searched thro' archives of ancient lore, And sought for gems in nature's bowers; But e'en those times by the learned of yore, And nature's haunts afford no flowers, That I would place upon thy shrine, Thou cherish'd friend, thou friend of mine.

My offering shall be a fadeless gem, Plucked from the Jasper courts of heaven: Brighter than the rarest diamond, That e'er was seen to mortal given: 'Tis friendship's priceless pearl, for thee Laid on the shrine of purity.

After such a wonderful effusion I reckon I better stop, for I imagine I hear you say, "Sir, there's the door, point!" but I can't point from the fact I am not a "pointer." Though you close the door and shut me out, I imagine you'll open your peepers when you find my card under your sanctum door some day.

Wishing you much pleasure with your gossip-ers, I remain, Yours for the war, WANDERER.

We will not reply to Wanderer's letter, but wait for the Editor.

After copying the following poem, by Mrs. C. H. of Vermont, we will slide out of the Chair Editorial before we are persuaded with a kick. Mr. Poningoe and catch us if you can.

CALICO POLITICS, OR WHAT WE LADIES HATE.

We hate all quackery and all quacks: The meddling demagogues and officious clerks. We hate the "people's" delegates, That for a party legislate: We hate the servile heathens of our land, That would for office lick a tyrant's hand: We hate all "isms," and all "antis" hate, All spurious tenets both of Church and State: But, most of all, the purse-prond parson hate, That to the golden calf would bend the knee, To gain a higher salary.

We hate all tyrant's small and great, The Southern master and the Northern mate: We hate all parties and all party creeds; We would that all mankind were freed From vain ambition's luring wiles, From war and all its sickening spoils; We would that all could equal be, On earth as in eternity.

We would that union here prevail, Good will each stubborn heart assail: We would that God men's acts control, And cleanse from sin the guilty soul: We would that editors should live like brothers, And no more slander and abuse each other, Then every man would take a paper, And some would even pay the printer!

PRUSSIA AND GERMANY.—The New York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun states that German merchants of N. York are in possession of private advices which render it certain that Prussia and all Germany will immediately join Austria in her struggle with France. These advices, it is asserted, are from persons in the confidence of the government, and are regarded as trustworthy.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This excellent periodical for July is out. Few periodicals of this kind, are equal to it.

Woman's Love.

BY WANDERER.

The world hath its pleasures and many are they,
That rise like sweet flowers in life's rugged way;
Their exotics rare—though unseen—to us given,
Ascend from earth's altars, rich incense to heaven.

The world hath its joys, that like star-gems on high,
Shed a bright halo o'er the sad spirit's sky;
Till clouds black heralds of the storm-king arise,
And banish forever the lights from the skies.

The world hath allurements, enticing and bright,
To draw man away from his God and the right;
For a season they please and soothe the heart,
Till the victim's entrapped, without an alarm.

In this mortal waste a lone star is beaming,
Its soft amber rays its beauty revealing;
It is not of earth, for it came from above,
'Tis the joy of our homes, 'tis woman's fond love.

The world's fleeting pleasures can never compare,
With that rarest of gems, so pure and so fair;
Joys and allurements may be pleasant in health,
But they never can smooth the highway to death.

Ambition may clamor and struggle for fame,
But when attained it bursts and leaves but a name;
The rich may have wealth and in luxury roll,
But gold cannot purchase the peace of the soul.

In prosperity's hour friends gather around,
And pilot us through Fashion's enchanted ground;
But when misfortune's hand upon us is placed,
Our menial's from their friends are quickly erased.

Though transparent earth's joys and fitting each scene,
One beacon shines steadily, calm and serene;
Naught dims its effulgence, it is from above,
'Tis a star among stars, true woman's fond love.

Newark, N. J.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, June 9th, 1859.

Dear Times—As Florence's story is growing longer, I hope you and your readers will pardon me if I drop my correspondence with you until it is finished. I dislike interruptions.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OUTCAST.

Fear—shunned—belied—ere youth had lost its force,
He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all. [Byron.]

"I fled from the home of my father," continued the gipsy, "and, as my mother had directed, endeavored to reach the rendezvous of a gang of gipsies in the neighborhood. But young as I was, and never having passed the boundaries of my father's estate, I lost my way among the rugged hills and forests.

"For more than a week I wandered about, vainly endeavoring to find my way from the thick woods that shut the sunlight from my view; and during that time I fed upon berries and slept upon the dried leaves of the forest. My shoes were cut in pieces by the sharp rocks when I climbed the cliffs, and the thorns and briars tore my costly garments. The dew chilled my scarce-clad limbs by night, and the slimy serpent dragged his clammy folds across my breast.

"This unusual exposure brought on a burning fever; and in the delirium that followed I know not how time passed, but when consciousness returned to me, I was lying upon my face in the cool grass, drinking greedily of the dew which I scooped up in both fevered hands, now so weak they could hardly be raised to my parched and burning lips.

"I now felt the pangs of hunger, and looked languidly about me for the berries on which I had fed. I think, too, that I expected to see my mother, and wondered languidly why I was there, all alone, but made no effort to rise, and gazed up at the moonlight sky, broad, sloping valley, and tall forest trees, with quiet curiosity.

"Hunger forced me to look around in search of food, and I heard the noise of a rippling stream. Instinctively I crawled thither, and to my great delight I beheld a number of grapes and muscadines clustering around the trees which shaded the rivulet.

"With an eager cry I endeavored to rise to my feet, but fell forward in the long, dew-damp grass, stunned and bewildered. I staggered, after a little, towards the tempting tree, with its luscious clusters, and grasping the branches with one trembling hand, I tore off handfuls of the juicy fruit, filling my eager mouth with the soft, pulpy balls.

"A mottled serpent, sear and dusky brown, coiled beneath the briar-bush at my feet. I did not see the crouching snake, but staggered forward to reach a

richer cluster of the grapes. Then I caught a glimpse of the glittering black eyes—a rapid spring forward of the mottled body—an agonizing pang shot upward to my brain, and I knew no more.

"When I came to myself a second time, I was lying under a rude canvass shelter, on a soft bed of shawls and furs, and a blooming face bent over me.

"I raised myself on my elbow and gazed upon the gipsy woman who was chafing my hands, but she gently pressed me back, saying, 'lie still, child, and rest.'

"Let me see!" said a deep, hollow voice which I never forget, and a tall, upright figure pushed aside her younger companion. "The new-comer fixed her burning eyes upon my face, and started back with a cry of alarm.

"It cannot be!" she kept muttering, as she looked intently upon my features. "Suddenly her eyes fell upon the ruby cross which my mother had suspended about my neck, with a chain woven of her own deep black hair.

"It is—it must be Zillah's child!" she exclaimed; then changing her hollow tone to one of the softest entreaty: 'Tell me—tell Miriam, my poor child, how came you wandering in the woods, alone, and how did you receive this?'

"She touched the stiffened arm which was bound to my side, and my eyes languidly followed hers.

"Oh! that," I answered, "was a snake, a big one, with sharp fangs. They will poison you if you go near them."

"She looked at me in doubt, but an eager, earnest trouble dispelled the slight hesitancy.

"But you know—you must know—what made you wander alone in the forest. Come, tell me, pretty child, what it was."

"I put my hand to my head confusedly.

"I was gathering grapes when the snake struck me—down by the rivulet, you know. Let us go there now. It is cool in the shady woods, and I am so warm—my eyes burn like fire."

"Drink, drink, poor boy!" said the woman, holding to my fever-parched lips a goblet containing a dark red liquid, which at once allayed the fever in my veins.

"That is cool!" I said, clinging to the cup. "Give me more!"

"Not now; that is enough. But tell me, oh! tell me! where did you leave your father and Zillah, your mother; how came you in the forest?'

"My mother!" I repeated to myself, while a terrible truth worked into my brain.

"Then, as by a lightning-flash, I remembered. It was not the berries, not the snake, which put that terrible pain in my heart. I remembered, and with a faint, hoarse cry of re-awakened wrath, I sprang up from my couch and fell forward with clenched teeth and hands at the gipsy's feet.

"She raised me tenderly, and listened while I told her. Kindly, tenderly, she and her dark-browed maidens nursed me until I recovered, for Miriam had been my mother's protectress and friend, and, unlike the race with whom you dwell, Zillah, she extended that love and protection to her child.

"But you are not to suppose I joined the gipsies then and there.

"No, I clung to my father's race, and endeavored to obtain employment among them. I received scorn, revilings and blows, till I was a second time rescued from a death of starvation by the gipsy Miriam. Still, I refused to join the wandering tribe of my mother, and I will not relate to you the oft told story of sickness and poverty on side, wealth and cruelty on the other.

"Enough that I did join my mother's race, though not until I was driven from my father's people by their continued cruelty to me and mine.

"Then there came to pass an event, which, in nature like mine, can happen but once during a lifetime; in souls like yours, rarely, if ever. I loved, and thought myself beloved. Earth has no higher happiness. Bright, but brief, was my dream of delight when the young and beautiful Zoraida became my wife.

"We were in England, then—I and my band; for Miriam had resigned her place of honor as queen of the gipsies, and bestowed her authority upon me; preferring to remain in her secret cell to wandering any longer over the earth. You Zillah, have not and may never, love and be loved, therefore you cannot imagine my despair when I found my terrible mistake. The cherished idol I so fondly worshipped loved another as I loved her; and that other one of the hated race who had done me so much wrong.

"She fled from me with this man, and died six months later of a broken heart, when he had wearied of her fleeting charms. Zillah, listen to me! That man was Lord Hartledon, now about to wed your sister and mine.

"I have done. Are you satisfied now of my right to hate your father's race?" A terrible cry broke from Zillah's lips, as she extended her clasped hand imploringly.

"Oh! Emmett, my brother, help me to save Claire from such a fate."

"You need not fear," replied the gipsy, "Lord Hartledon will not marry Claire. Be patient and passive. All may be well."

"Well! it is anything but well! Oh! Claire, my sister!"

"Do you think she loved him so much?" asked the outlaw in a troubled voice.

"I do not know—I cannot tell, but I fear."

When the paroxysm passed, her face grew stern and dark with the heavy sorrow which had fallen upon it so suddenly.

"I rejoice at one thing," she said, looking at the outlaw, whom she pitied and feared. "I could not help thinking there had been some terrible crime committed; but, thank God, my mother was not murdered. There was no such thing as I feared."

"No sin!" exclaimed the gipsy, fiercely, his brow black with the thunder-cloud of wrath. "No sin! Ah! you were reared in the society which has no name for the killing of a heart and soul; no protection for a wounded spirit; no rope and hangman for the murderer of peace and happiness; no revenge on him who stifles the intellect and crushes the affections of an immortal being over whom the law gives him control! Oh, no! unless there be some palpable mark of violence on the body, it matters not how the heart may bleed away, or the soul cry out in smothered agony. Thank God, I am not civilized!"

Your father murdered your mother just as much as Lord Hartledon murdered Zoraida; and both were as much the cause of the death of those women as if they had plunged a dagger in their hearts. No sin committed! Look upon me, his son, your brother, a vagabond upon the face of the earth—a murderer and an outcast—hoping for nothing but revenge—wrecked and ruined, body and soul—what shall atone for the crime of this man?"

With that weird, taunting laugh, he disappeared in the forest, and Zillah rode sadly homeward.

She darted up the hall stairs, and into her own room, where, unmindful of Claire's presence, she threw herself face downwards upon the bed, burying her face in her hands. Claire came and passed her little hands softly over the bowed head, but at the gentle touch Zillah almost groaned aloud.

"What is it, dearest Zillah?"

"Go away, Claire, love. I am not well, and I wish to sleep."

And when, after tossing half the night by her sleeping sister, slumber closed the heavy lids, she saw again the wildly beautiful figure of her brother, whispering, as he bent over her:

"His son, your brother—a vagabond upon the face of the earth—a murderer and an outcast—hoping for nothing but revenge—wrecked and ruined, body and soul—what shall atone for the crime of this man?"

CHAPTER X.

THE FORSAKEN.

"Oh! my cousin, shallow-hearted;
Oh! my Ella, mine no more!"

Zillah awoke next morning, feverish and unrefreshed, and found Claire already risen. Zillah raised her head and shook back the tangled locks of jetty hair, gazing upon the figure of Claire defined like a beautiful picture, with the simple robe of white, gold-brown ringlets, and starry blue eyes, that were raised to the bluer sky with such child-like faith.

She was kneeling by the open window, wrapped in her morning devotions, and Zillah gazed, half in wonder, upon the simple, trusting faith which glorified that pure profile and childish brow. The old oak tree by the window waved its leafy branches over the radiant ringlets that flowed in golden beauty over her dimpled shoulders, the mild eyes lifted, the small hands folded on her sister's breast.

And Zillah's dark, troubled face was like the evil spirit of the good angel, compared with that pure, bright picture. She gazed in bitterness of heart at the sunny sky and green, smiling landscape, with the Madonna-like figure of Claire in the foreground. She knew that the cloud was arising in that azure heaven which shone so mockingly, and when Claire arose and wound her white arms round her neck, the ruby cross burnt upon her bosom till she could scream aloud.

The sisters descended to the breakfast room. They found Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland already there, the former very much out of patience at the delay.

"Where in thunder is Marcella Cardozo?" was his characteristic greeting, as they entered; adding, as he beheld the sullen grief so unusual on Zillah's face. "And what the mischief is to pay with you?"

"A great deal is the matter with me, sir," she replied, coldly, and merely glancing at her questioner.

"The demon there is! I should think so!" he growled. "One—two—three—four—five minutes passed, and that girl not here yet! Corinne, go up to Marcella's room, and tell her to come to breakfast without delay! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Another five minutes, and the girl returned with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Lors, massa, Miss Ella aint dar, and her bed am not rumpled, sir! Dat's a fact!"

"Why, where can she be?" said Mrs. Sutherland, anxiously, half rising from her seat.

"Rambling off in the woods, probably,"

replied her husband. "Ella's an industrious girl, like my sister Claire, and not too good to make her own bed. She'll be here before long."

But the morning passed, and she did not come. Mrs. Sutherland grew restless and uneasy, and Claire partook of her mother's fears. Zillah said nothing, but glided from place to place with a cloud of sullen pain upon her brow, waiting for the storm to break. She more than guessed where her cousin was.

At last the sound of hurried steps in the passage startled them as they sat together in the parlor, and they looked up eagerly to see Marcella. The old man had begun, "Well, Miss, how dare you?"

But the door opened and Philip Leslie strode into the room, flushed and eager, with a look of anxious trouble on his face. "Where is Marcella?" were his first words, as his eyes fell upon the group.

"Oh! I am so anxious!" said Mrs. Sutherland. "We have not seen Ella since last evening."

"Then it is true!" he exclaimed, turning pale as death.

"What is true?"

"That she has gone off with Lord Hartledon!"

"Good heavens!"

Zillah glanced at Claire. She did not move or speak, but sat with her hands clasped convulsively, and in her clear blue eyes a look of strong horror.

"I missed Lord Hartledon this morning, from our room at the Hotel, but supposed he had gone up to Sutherland Hall, for which I also started. On my way I met a man dressed singularly in a hunting-suit of green, who accosted me. 'You wish to see your friend, Lord Hartledon?' he said.

"I do."

"Then seek him and your false lady-love in the most direct route to England!" he replied, mockingly.

"Demon! I exclaimed, 'demon and liar! why do you tell me this?'

"Call me what you will, my words will prove true. Go, seek your treacherous friend and bride! If I could feel pity for any of your race, I would feel it for you."

"He dashed away in the depths of the forest, and I came on to find it true?"

"And who—who is this evil spirit of the mountains?" cried Mr. Sutherland, grasping Zillah's wrist. "Tell me, girl! Who is he?"

Zillah released her hand from his grasp with a gesture of abhorrence, but remained obstinately silent.

"My God! my God! Zillah, you are avenged!" gasped the old man as he sunk lifeless in his chair.

With a wild shriek his wife sprang to his side. They bore him up the broad stairs to his bed, but when brought back to consciousness he uttered a deep groan and sank into a stupor, from which he was aroused but once afterwards.

And Claire remained with the look of strong horror in her blue eyes, never so much as moving.

"Oh! Philip, go at once for a physician!" prayed Zillah, as she knelt at her sister's side and took her cold hands in her own.

"Oh! Claire, darling, look at me! speak to me!"

"It is vain, utterly vain," said the gipsy, who had glided to her side. "The death-lock is in her eyes."

"Fiend, you have killed her—my gentle Claire!"

"No, no, Zillah! don't say that," replied the outcast, a single shining tear rolling down his bronzed cheek. "He killed her; not I, her brother."

"Go! leave me!" she cried, passionately. "The sight of you pains me."

Saint Legare turned a look of lingering sorrow at them and passed out from the door, his shadows darkening the room for a moment, and then the rich sunlight streamed in again.

"Claire! Claire!" cried Zillah, shaking her sister wildly.

Claire turned her fixed and stony eyes full upon Zillah, rose and tottered to the middle of the room, threw her white arms wildy above her head, and fell.

Philip and the physician he had brought raised the light form, its white garments reddened with the blood which gurgled from her lips, and placed her on a couch, but help was vain. Once only she spoke. A beautiful expression of peaceful sadness overspread her face, and she crossed her hands upon her bosom. Zillah bent to catch the murmured words:

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

So she died.

They decked her in her bridal robes and placed a wreath of spotless roses on her cold brow. And Zillah thought, as the solemn moonlight streamed over her still white breast and glittered in the ripples of her golden hair, how bright and blooming she had been that very morning, as she knelt with her small hands folded on her breast; and now she was lying in her coffin, and the waxen hands were crossed upon her bosom, but oh! how rigidly and cold!

The old man heard that Claire was dead, and he called Zillah to his bedside.

"I am dying, Zillah! Forgive and pray. Zillah's child cannot hate her father."

"Rambling off in the woods, probably,"

"Oh! my father!" All the resentment vanished like a mist.

"Tell Emmett—your mother—forgive, Zillah!"

He sank back into the torpid state from which he never awoke again.

And they learned, too, that the old home and the dead man's entire estate would scarcely pay his accumulated debts; so, in one short week was Zillah left an orphaned beggar, with an invalid step-mother on her hands. But she had one end in view, and she rose up proudly and went forth to her warfare with the world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Friendship.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

O, tell me not that friendship is
A tie that soon is broken;
That it can be severed by words
That are unkindly spoken;
That loving hearts by harshness can
From their repose be driven,
That faithful souls, and friendship pure,
Are not to mortals given.

Ah, no, for in this world of ours
Are those who are true hearted;
And rocks might move before the links
Of friendship could be parted;
They watch each other's anxious wish,
And love is e'er springing
From out their bosoms, while they are
The sweets of friendship singing.

And unkind words but serve to bind
Their hearts more close together,
For they will but the closer cling
As darker grows the weather;
And when the sun again shall shine,
Its rays shall all seem brighter;
And love shall cause the hearts of both
To feel of griefs—the lighter.

O, yes, there are some faithful souls,
With true and fond devotion;
Where friendship is as lasting as
The mighty waves of ocean;
O, yes, our God, in kindness has
Some treasures to us given;
Where loving hearts by unkind words
Cannot from love be driven.
Baltimore, Md.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WEARY.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Would that I were laid within some lone valley,
Where the song-birds unceasingly warble
their lays,
Where fragrant blossoms diffuse their aroma,
And Sol lights up the hill-side with his glowing rays.

Would that the dying leaves of another autumn
O'er my stilled and pulseless heart might lie,
And that near my grave a meandering stream-
let
Might whisper of rest as it glided by.

O, when of this "earth-life" the spirit grows
weary,
And it fain would leave this life in its prime,
How it pines to disrobe itself of its shackles,
And go where the soul has no winter time.
Pittsfield, Mass.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—An exchange paper says: A "borrower" is an unfaithful being. He is incomplete.—There is a screw loose in his organization. He is a bad man—that is, an unsafe one. He never comes to anything good, and is always poor. It is an old Scandinavian proverb that when Satan wished to angle with and finally catch a man, he sets him borrowing. The whole tribe of borrowers are utterly mean, and the newspaper borrower is the meanest of his tribe. In this country, newspapers are so cheap that every man can, and every decent man does, buy his own. At any rate, no decent man will borrow a newspaper. If he can't get one of his own he will do without. It dirties and rumples a newspaper to handle it, and no man likes to have his favorite family journal soiled by borrowers' unclean hands. Subscribers to good papers like to preserve them in good condition; and in order that they may do this, the papers must be kept clean, smooth and whole. No one likes to preserve a dirty, torn, or rumped paper, and one such unsightly paper spoils a whole—one number of a paper lost breaks the continuity of a volume. And there is a degree of sentiment, too, about a favorite family newspaper. A man acquires an affection for it, and as in the case of his wife and baby, he don't want anybody else to meddle with it. Therefore the newspaper borrower is a disturber of the peace and happiness of families; he is a pest, a nuisance, and should be permanently disposed of in a manner that would forever prevent him from annoying honest, decent people, who pay for their newspapers, and should be allowed to preserve them in peace.

DON'T BOTHER.—"What are you writing there my boy?" asked a fond parent the other day, of his hopeful son, a shaver of ten years.

"My composition, thir."

"What is the subject?"

"International law, thir," replied the youthful Grotius.

"But really I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them relation, if I am constantly interrupted in thith manner by irrelevant inquiries."

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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Greensboro, N. C.

Owing to the absence of the regular proof reader, we hope the errors on inside form of last week and outside of this week's paper, will be overlooked; as no one unaccustomed to proof reading can do justice to the task.

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

We were from our post the whole of last week, in attendance on the meetings of the Educational Association, held in Newbern. The number of delegates in attendance was much larger than on any former occasion, about three hundred upon a guess. The reception given by Newbern was most cordial; this large number was apportioned among her citizens, and still there was room.

Without detracting from the ability of former sessions of the association, we believe it was universally conceded that this was not only the largest, but also the ablest body that had assembled.

The Association met Tuesday night in the Presbyterian church for the purpose of listening to the opening address by its president, Rev. B. Clegg. At this writing we shall only give an outline sketch of the proceedings, preferring to await the report of the Secretary, when the minutes may be given accurately and officially. We think the Secretary enrolled nearly two hundred new members.

On Wednesday morning the Association met in Andrew Chapel, which was tendered it for the business transactions, the Presbyterian church being used for public lectures. Officers for the present year as follows: President, W. W. Holden, of Wake; Vice-Presidents, J. P. Ross, of Mecklenburg, H. Norwood, of Person, L. Branson, of Lenoir, Rev. Neal McKay, of Harnett, C. W. Smythe, of Catawba and D. S. Richardson, of Wilson.

For Recording Secretary, J. D. Campbell, of Greensboro, and Corresponding Secretary, C. C. Cole, of same place.

At 11 o'clock, Rev. F. M. Hubbard, of Chapel Hill, read a highly interesting lecture, written in the best and purest language, upon Southern Literature. A copy was requested for the use of the Association; and we hope to be able at some future day not very far distant, to secure a copy for our columns.

The Association held another session Wednesday evening. At night the Presbyterian Church was crowded to overflowing to hear a lecture by Gov. Swain. The subject was the Governor's historical lecture on the origin, rise and progress of the Revolution in North Carolina. As an historical production, the lecture is highly interesting and contains much information. But the night was exceedingly warm, and before the lecturer had concluded, the overflowing audience had flowed out considerably.

The Association again met for the transaction of business on Thursday morning. At 11 o'clock it adjourned to hear the Essay on Female Education, prepared by Mrs. Della W. Jones. We heard read an essay by this lady at the last session of the Association, from which we formed quite a high estimation of her abilities as a writer and a lady of unusually good mind. But this essay still more favorably impressed us. Had all the heads of our female schools such ideas of finished female education, the curriculum of their respective institutions would soon be changed for the better.

After a short recess in the evening, the Association gave way to Mr. Cooke, Principal of the Deaf and Dumb, and

Blind Institution at Raleigh, to exhibit some of his pupils. The church was very much crowded, and the spectators evinced the deepest interest in the exhibition. The success of this Institution in instructing these unfortunate classes of society, is truly gratifying to every philanthropic heart.

At night, Prof. Doherty of Graham, delivered what he termed a scientific lecture, with experiments. We refrain from any comments, as those who were present formed their own opinions, and those who were not, would not be much the wiser from any thing we might say.

The principal subjects discussed were Normal and Mixed Schools, and a uniformity in text-books. On the subjects of Normal and Mixed Schools, two well prepared reports were read, to be published with the proceedings, and on the subject of text-books, the following action was taken:

WHEREAS, much diversity exists in the Text-Books now used in schools of every grade in North Carolina, both male and female; and whereas, much inconvenience, expense and detriment to the cause of Education, result from such diversity; and whereas, it is very desirable to remedy these evils, and to introduce uniformity in the Text-Books we use in all the departments of North Carolina Schools; therefore

Resolved, That the President appoint a committee of three to whom this whole subject shall be referred.

It shall be the duty of this committee to correspond with the Educators of the State, soliciting a frank expression of opinion relative to this subject, to ask from all a list of the Text-Books used in each department of their schools, and a brief statement of the merits they are considered to possess, and further it shall be their duty to correspond with the Educators of other States, and with the publishing houses of the country, thereby securing all the necessary details of the experience of the former, and then, after a careful and impartial examination of the force of the views advanced and of the merits, or demerits of the several publications submitted to their scrutiny—to report the result of their investigations to the next annual meeting of this Association, recommending such action as shall be best calculated to effect the design contemplated by this resolution.

The chair appointed S. D. Pool, Esq., Rev. T. M. Jones and Rev. C. H. Wiley, a committee to carry the above resolutions into effect.

The Association having received a cordial invitation from the citizens of Beaufort to enjoy the hospitalities of that town, and the President of the railroad placing an extra train at its service for half the usual fare, the meeting was adjourned on Thursday night, to hold the closing session next day in Beaufort.

About three hundred took the train Friday morning, and in due time were landed safely at the terminus of the railroad in Morehead city. A committee and delegation of citizens from Beaufort, met us, and through Mr. Pool, extended a hearty welcome to the Association, tendering it the free use of the Steamer Caldwell, &c., &c. Mr. Holden, President of the Association, accepted in an appropriate address, these kindly proffered hospitalities.

The Steamer was filled and proceeded to Fort Macon, where the citizens of Beaufort had prepared a fine dinner.

Fort Macon is a beautiful place, and from it we enjoyed the best view of the ocean we had ever had at any place between Charleston and New York. There was quite a "blow," and the waves rolled unbroken in all their grandeur to the shore. We were exceedingly fatigued and wearied from the loss of sleep and the labors and dissipations of the week, but for the time the scene so entranced us, we forgot it all, and played upon the beach with the waves and the shells, like a little child.

Fort Macon is not garrisoned with soldiers, but the Government has an officer stationed within it, by whom everything is kept in readiness for use at a moment's warning. This is one of the beauties of American economy. With a standing army numbering but a handful, and these used chiefly to keep in repair and order, the fortifications and munitions of war.

Late in the evening all the party went over to Beaufort. The Association held its closing session in the Methodist church. The exercises were of rather a miscellaneous character, in which quite a number participated in the way of speechifying, &c., and then adjourned *sine die*, all in good spirits and highly delighted with everything and every body, and especially with the hospitalities and citizens of Beaufort. Saturday we journeyed homeward.

Beaufort.

Several improvements are noticeable as in progress about Beaufort just now. Perhaps the most important to the town is the dredging of the harbor, the last legislature having presented a boat for that purpose. There are numerous bars in the sound, which make navigation in some parts very difficult. We hope their brightest anticipations may be realized from the use of the Dredging Boat.

Another work of interest and of some novelty is the new hotel built out over the waters of the sound, and to be opened for visitors in a few weeks. In place of a street, a long bridge passes by it for several squares, very appropriately and sentimentally called "Lover's Bridge." The Hotel will be able to accommodate several hundred boarders. To add to the comfort and novelty of the House, verandas extend around from each story, giving a fine ocean view and receiving the invigorating breezes.

THE PRESS of North-Carolina was well represented in the late Educational Association at Newbern. We make the following note from the Progress:

We notice in town, in attendance on the Educational Convention, the following gentlemen belonging to the State Press: W. W. Holden, of the Standard; T. Loring, of the Tribune; W. Dunn, Jr., of the American Advocate; M. S. Sherwood, of the Greensboro' Patriot; Mr. Yates, of the Charlotte Democrat; C. C. Cole, of the Greensboro' Times and Rev. C. H. Wiley and Mr. Campbell, of the Educational Journal. There may be and probably are other gentlemen of the quill present, but these are all we have seen up to this writing. They all seem to be in fine trim and good condition and we trust that they will find their visit to our town pleasant and agreeable.

GOLD PENS:—We take pleasure in referring to the advertisement of JEWELRY by Angle & Co., of New York. We have had in use for some time two of their mammoth \$5 gold pens, which comes nearer constant use without fatigue of any pen we ever used. From our dealing with Messrs. Angle & Co., they are perfectly reliable, and we refer to their advertisement for further information.

MARRIED.

In New York City, on Sunday evening, June, 5th, by the Rev. Dr. Millett, CALEB G. DUNN (Poultice), of said City, and Miss HANNAH M. SMITH, daughter of Simeon Smith, Esq., of Sing Sing, N. Y.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Greensboro' Lodge, No. 76, A. Y. M. }
June, 18th 1859.

The Committee appointed to draft resolutions expressing the feelings of the Lodge, on the death of Bro. E. F. POWELL, who died in Petersburg, Va., June, 3rd, 1859, presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, 1st, That while we humbly recognize the hand of the Great Master of the Universe, in removing from our midst, our Brother E. F. POWELL, we would express our sense of bereavement in the death of one so young, so amiable of disposition, so generous of heart, and whose general qualities promised so much of usefulness and enjoyment, in the circle where he moved.

Resolved, That although nothing but the soothing hand of time, and humble resignation to the will of God, can relieve the affliction of those who were bound to the deceased by the tenderest ties of nature; we nevertheless desire to mingle our unfeigned sorrow with that of his sorrowing relatives in their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of our sympathy, the members of this lodge, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the Widow of our deceased Brother.

Resolved, That the Patriot and Times, be requested to publish these proceedings and that the Petersburg papers copy the same.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, }
W. A. WINBOURNE, } Com.
GEO. H. GREGORY.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a regular meeting of Logan Lodge, No. 121, May, 16th, A. D. 1859, A. L. 5859, Jamestown, N. C., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, We have learned with deep regret, that our esteemed friend and Brother ELI GORDON, of Andrew county, Mo., was called to his reward by the great Patriarch above December, 13th, 1858, and whereas it is always profitable to remember and imitate the virtues of the good, and sympathize with the bereaved, Therefore,

Resolved, That this Lodge deeply feel the loss it has sustained in the death of Bro. GORDON, who during his stay among us, was a true and faithful Brother Mason, always aiding cheerfully and zealously, in all the praiseworthy plans of our order. And while we sincerely mourn his untimely departure, being stricken down in the prime of life, in the midst of a growing and interesting little

family, far away from the land of their nativity, friends and relations; we nevertheless sorrow not as those who have no hope, for we trust and believe that the wants and necessities of the widow and orphan, are always cared for in times of need and distress where soever dispersed. And that our deceased brother was not a stranger to God, having a christian walk, and a godly conversation and a member of a Christian Church.

Resolved, That we most sincerely tender our sympathies to the relatives and friends of the deceased, and especially to his bereaved wife, in her deep distress and irreparable loss, and pray the Benedictions of the Widow's God, to comfort her, in her lonely desolation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, be transmitted to the wife of our deceased Brother, and a copy presented to the Greensboro' Patriot and Times, for publication.

W. H. REECE,

W. G. SAPP,

J. W. FREEMAN, } Com.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

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EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF JEWELRY, with a premium to each Purchaser worth from Two Dollars to two Hundred!

This is no Lottery, but a fair and legitimate sale, in which each purchaser gets the value of his or her money in a Good Pencil with Gold Pen attached, or a Gold Locket, worth \$5; and in addition to the purchase, each person receives a premium of Jewelry, not less in value than \$2, and it may be worth \$3, 5, 8, 10, 15, 20, 50, or even \$200!

Our Premiums are distributed in a fair and honorable manner, and as soon as the name of the purchaser is received with the \$5, his Pencil and Pen or Locket, or Gold Locket, and Premium, are put up in a safe manner, and sent to the owner by Mail, free of Postage.

Our plan, from long experience in the above business, has given general satisfaction, as each purchaser can sell or trade the above articles for all they cast him and retain Premium Gratis.

We want a good Agent in every part of the country to solicit purchasers; and Agents, to be successful, should first have a Pencil and Pen or Premium, or Locket and Premium or both, to exhibit; and the first person becoming a Purchaser at any place will receive the Agency for that neighborhood.

NO MONEY RISKED!

We propose to let a person know what Premium he will receive before sending his money. Any Lady or Gentleman desiring one of the above articles, can first send us their name and address, stating whether they want the Pencil and Pen or Locket, and we will make their selection, and inform them by return Mail what Premium they are entitled to. They can then have the privilege of sending for it if they choose. We cannot, however, give this privilege but once to any person; and we make this offer to establish the quality of our goods in a neighborhood. After a person becomes a purchaser, and accept the Agency, we require all persons in that locality to send their \$5 in advance through him.

And if any one is dissatisfied with their purchase, and an unbiased person competent to judge says the articles are not worth more than the money paid for them, and in some cases ten or even forty times the amount let such persons return the goods, and we will freely refund the money.

Among our Premiums are articles suitable for Ladies and Gentlemen, such as Gentlemen's Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Vest and Guard Chains, Gold Sleeve Buttons, Gold Watch Keys and Seals, Gold Shirt Studs—plain and with settings; Gold Scarf Pins—new style Gold Breast Pins, California Diamond Pins, Gold Rings, &c. &c.

FOR LADIES, We have Gold Watches, Florentine, Mosaic, Gold Stone, Cameo, Garnet and Coral Breast Pins and Ear Rings, Gold Bracelets, Gold Sleeve Buttons, Gold Belt Slides, Gold Rings, &c. &c. Also, Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Boxes, Accordions, &c. &c.

Unexceptionable References given whenever required.

N. B.—In sending your names, write the State, County and Town plainly, so as to avoid letters being misdirected. Address,

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GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education. Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WARTON, Principal,
June 20, 1859, 1784.

A CURE FOR WHOOPING.

COUGH, St. Hyacinthe, Canada E., Aug. 21, 1856. Messrs. Seth W. Fowler & Co. Gentlemen:—Several months since a little daughter of mine, ten years of age, was taken with Whooping Cough in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could do for her seemed in any way to relieve her suffering. We at length decided to try a bottle of your Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. In three hours after she had commenced using it, she was greatly relieved, and in less than three days was entirely cured, and is now well. I have since recommended the Balsam to many of my neighbors, who have used it, and in no case have I known it fail of effecting a speedy cure.

You are at liberty to make any use of the above you think proper. If it shall induce any body to use your Balsam I shall be glad, for I have great confidence in it.

Yours, P. GUITTE,

Proprietor of the Courier de St. Hyacinthe
Buy none without the signature of I. Dutts.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, June 23th.

Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon 12 1/2 @ 13; Beef 4 @ 5; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 @ 15; Candles, Tallow 20 @ 25; Adamantine 28 @ 33; Spermac 55 @ 60; Corn 80 @ 90; Meal 80 @ 90; Chickens 10 @ 15; Eggs 6 @ 8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00 @ 6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50 @ 60; Lard 12 1/2 @ 15; Molasses 40 @ 50; Nails 6 @ 7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75 @ 80; Rice 8 @ 10; Salt 2.25 @ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10 @ 12, loaf 16 1/2, crushed 16 1/2, clarified 15; Tallow 12 1/2 @ 15; Wheat 80 @ 1.00; Wool 25 @ 30.

NORFOLK MARKET, June 16th.

Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$8.25; Flaxseed, 1.35
Extra, 7.25; Beans, 33
Superfine, 7.25; Dried Apples, 7 @ 8
Corn, Mixed W. 80 @ 90; 25 lbs. 1.75
Yellow, 90 @ 95
Wheat, White 100 @ 1.50
Red, 14 @ 150
Cotton, 10 @ 11 1/2
Peas, Black Eye 1.25
Red & Black 85 @ 90
Lard, N. C. & V. no. 1 13 1/2
do do 2... 12 1/2 @ 13
Fish, Mackerel 1.25 @ 1.50
do No 2 1.10 @ 1.20
do 3 1.00 @ 1.10

REMARKS.—Flour receipts from N. Carolina continue good, the demand is limited being confined to sales made for consumption only. Corn comes in sparingly, sales are made at our quotations. Cotton in fair supply holders are firmer, but we hear of no transactions. Peas of all sorts are dull. Dried Fruit, there is but little demand for any kind, and it is difficult of sale.

RICHMOND MARKET, June 16th, 1859.

Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders, 9 @ 11; Corn, in demand 1 @ 5
Sides, 10 @ 11 1/2; Coffee, 12 @ 13
Hams, 12 1/2 @ 13; Cotton Yarn, 2 @ 25
Coffee, Rio, 1 @ 1 1/2; Flour, 5 @ 8
Java, 1 @ 1 1/2; Guano, Peruvian, \$5 @ 6
Mocha, 1 @ 1 1/2; Sugar, 3 @ 3 1/2
Molasses, Cuba, 3 @ 3 1/2; Syrup, 3 @ 3 1/2
N. O., 1 @ 1 1/2; Tobacco, Large, 3 @ 3 1/2
Wheat, White, 17 1/2 @ 18; Lent, 1 @ 1 1/2
Red, 15 @ 16; Good and fine, 9 @ 15

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHMAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-4f.

CALEB G. DUNN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

J. W. EVANS' NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE
Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendence for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh.
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill.
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R. S. TICKER, Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, do
W. C. HARRISON, do
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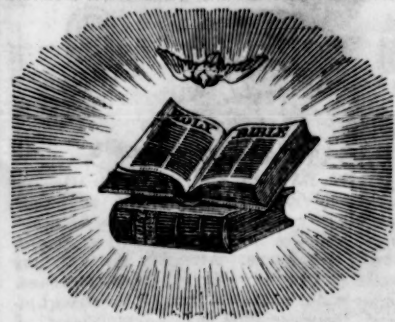
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Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Something for the Little Girls.

My Dear Young Friends:—I have no doubt many of you remember reading, in The Times, about the "lost wallet" and the "stolen knife." Perhaps you thought those stories were intended especially for the boys.

Now, as I love little girls just as well as little boys, I have selected a story this week for my little girl-readers about

THE PINCUSHION.

Or, "Thou Shalt Not Covet."

"MAMMA," said little Lottie Nelson one day, "was you ever naughty when you were a little girl, or was you always good?"

"I am not as good as I wish to be now, Lottie, darling; you know there is none good but God," replied her mother. "I was sometimes very naughty when I was a little girl."

"Tell us how, mamma," said Lottie; "I can't think you were ever naughty and had to be punished; how funny it seems."

"Oh, do tell us, mother dear," entreated Lottie's brother Charles, "a real true story about when you were a little girl; that will be delightful; but I, for one, don't believe you were ever naughty."

"We shall see about that," said the mother, "perhaps you will think differently when you hear what I have to tell you. A long, long time ago, when I was a very little girl, not so old as Lottie, I went to a dame school, where there were a good many other girls, and a few little boys."

"A dame school, what is that mother?" asked the children.

"It was so called, I suppose, because it was kept by an old lady, who taught us to read, and spell, and sew. Mrs. Earle was our teacher's name; she was a very gentle, patient old lady, and we all loved her very much. One day in the intermission, one of my schoolmates, Kate Stanton, exhibited a very pretty pincushion that had been given to her. It was very small, and made of what we called straw-work on the sides, lined and trimmed with pink ribbon. I admired it very much, and soon began to covet it. We all went home at recess for our dinner, and I returned in the afternoon with my desire of possession strengthened by the animated description I had given at home of the beautiful pincushion. I was the first in the school-room, and Mrs. Earle was in the little kitchen eating her dinner. As I entered I looked toward the desk belonging to Kate, and under its half closed lid—for Kate was rather careless—I saw the shining of a pink ribbon. 'I didn't half see it,' I said to myself, 'I will just look at it again.' Forgetful of the rule forbidding us to open any desk belonging to another, I clambered lightly over the first form, and the pincushion was in my hand. The tempter suggested that it might be mine now, I should not be found out, for I might slip home quietly and not return until school had begun, as no one had seen me come in. My plan succeeded, and though Kate soon discovered her loss, suspicion fell upon others."

"My pleasure was short-lived, however; for I had scarce seated myself again at my desk before the consciousness, 'I am a thief,' stung me to the quick, and the command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' was sounding in my ears. We had needle-work only, that afternoon; and it was well for me, for I could not have studied. My work was ill done, but I pleaded headache, and my teacher excused me, observing that I looked pale, and my eyes were heavy. Indeed there was cause. That night I slept little, the terrible consciousness of my secret sin kept me awake. I began to see how foolish as well as how wicked I had been."

I did not dare to show what I had gained to any one, and I was in constant fear of being found out. The next day I left the cushion at home, putting it under the covering of my bed, which it was my task to make.—All the morning I was tormented by the fear that my mother might, for some reason, unmake my bed and discover my theft. I was, of course, very inattentive, and received as severe a reproof as it was possible for gentle Mrs. Earle to bestow.

"Eagerly did I hasten home at recess. Finding my stolen treasure safe, I placed it in my bosom and returned to school. And now there came the longing desire to get rid of it. For two days I watched for an opportunity to put it back in Kate Stanton's desk, but I could never find the room unoccupied. I planned various ways, and rejected one after the other, fearing that I should be discovered. The anxiety of my mind made me really ill, and my pale face attracted my kind teacher's attention.

"Are you sick, Ellen?" she asked, "you look pale, and why do you put your hand so often to your chest, have you pain there?" "Yes ma'am," I replied, and, truly; for though the movement was prompted by the terror I had of losing that which lay there like a burden on my heart, I had indeed, a great pain there, the pain of conscious guilt. She gave me permission to return home, and I went slowly and sadly homeward; my dear home and pleasant school had both lost their charm, and every word of kindness and sympathy in either place only added to my remorse."

"Why didn't you go and tell God, mother," said Lottie, "and ask him to help you?"

"I did, darling; I had not forgotten Him, but I was afraid to go to him before, because I wanted to hide my sin; but now I went up to my little room, and told my dear Saviour all about it, and prayed him to help me to do right. I went after school hours to my teacher and confessed all, begging her to give the cushion to Kate, and ask her to forgive me. She was very much surprised and grieved, for I was a favorite with her; but she was very kind. She talked with me about my sin of coveting, which had led me on; she prayed with me and promised to restore the cushion to its owner."

"And I'll remember it too, mamma," said Lottie; "how sorry I felt for you."

"And I too," said Charlie, "but somehow I can't think that my mother did it. I guess that is why you always tell us, mother, not to be wishing for things we have not got, and remind us to be content with such things as we have." I never thought there was so much harm in it."

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, "though I trust you have both too much principle to be led so very far into sin, I am very desirous you should early learn to check the beginnings of evil in your hearts. Our dear Saviour warns us to 'take heed and beware of covetousness,' and his Holy Word declares that 'godliness with contentment is great gain.'"

Recently at a marriage at Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears; whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and on being remonstrated with, roared, 'Let me alone, I feel as bad about it as she does!'

Much excitement prevails in Talladega county, Ala., in consequence of the discovery of gold mines there.

VILLAINS, MALE AND FEMALE.—In one of the Courts of Chicago, Captain Jones, alias John McLaughlin, is on trial for placing obstructions on the Chicago and Galena Union Road, by which a train was thrown off, a man was killed, and several persons injured. On the person of the arrested man were found letters from females in Buffalo, and from other parties, going to show the existence of an organized band of murderers, whose operations were conducted by the way of poison, arson and railway obstruction.

Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be mere moonshine.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, valuable to the mass of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisonings, adds:

"I venture to affirm that there is scarce a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate, remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water and drunk immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used in any case where one is required. But take this simple antidote and you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end."

WORTH KNOWING.—A young lady in this city says the Philadelphia *Morning Post*, while in the country, stepped on a rusty nail, which run through her shoe into her foot. The inflammation was very great, and the lock jaw was apprehended. A friend of the family recommended the application of a beet, taken from the garden and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the fresh beet, and changing it for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple and effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

WASH TO DESTROY INSECTS.—In the *Journal of the Horticultural Society of Paris*, it is stated that an excellent wash for destroying insects is made, by boiling 1½ pints of water, 62 grains of Red American potash, and the same number of sulphur, and the same of soap. If it is necessary to make it stronger, double the quantity of sulphur, and of potash, leaving the soap the same. Immersion for a second kills ants, large caterpillars, and cock-chaffer grubs. The solution does no harm to plants.

VERMIN.—A new cure for these pests upon animals, has been suggested. It is 'Kerosene,' or Cannel Coal Oil.

Small animals, such as pigs, puppies, lambs, &c., may be held by the heads, and dipped into a tub or bucket containing it; larger, such as colts, calves, swine, sheep, &c., may be rubbed with the liquid. If one application fails, try another, and the result will be soon manifested.—*Am. Farmer.*

FRUITS INCREASED IN SIZE BY THE USE OF COPPERAS.—M. Dubreuil, a celebrated European Horticulturist, says that it has been proven—"that melons and various species of fruit trees, the green parts of which had been watered on several occasions with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, yielded much larger fruits than those not so treated." He adds: "One of my pupils repeated the same experiments in 1854 and 1855 on pear trees. He gave the first watering as soon as the fruits were fairly set, in the end of June. He repeated the moistenings every fortnight, in the evening, in order to prevent evaporation, and that absorption might be completely effected during the night. The solution was at the rate of 26 grains to a quart for the first three, and 35 grains per quart for the two last waterings. He sent us, in the end of February, from a tree thus treated, an Easter Beurre, so large that it could scarcely be recognized. He obtained like results the following season."

But we doubt whether the results would not be still more successful if the fruits alone were moistened with the solution; for then they only would experience the stimulation of their absorptive power, and would thus draw to themselves a much greater quantity of sap, inasmuch as the absorption by the leaves would be much less intense. Experiments should therefore be made with regard to this point.—*Translation in Hovey's Magazine.*

WILLOWS—HOW TO DESTROY THEM.—"I will give you the method of getting rid of the common branch willow, which I have practiced with entire success for several years. The time of year will vary two weeks in difference of season, in the forwardness or the backwardness of the spring, but say the 25th day of April, take a hatchet, large knife, or a common club axe will do, and strip the bark to the ground, and let it hang; when the bark leaves the wood freely, without leaving any of the inside sticking, the season is right. Trees treated in this manner will not sprout from the roots, as when cut down, which is the advantage gained.—*Am. Cotton Planter and Soil.*

TOMATO WINE.—Superior wine from the tomato is now manufactured. It is made with no other ingredients than pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and very much resembles champagne—a light transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor. It can be made equal to the best champagne.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest use, the other yields the durablest fuel; and both meeting make a best fire.

Ans. to Rebus of last week.—Path.

Yankee Sarah-Nade.

BY SAMUEL SLOCUM, OF GOSLIN RUN.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Before the fence, Mary,
Sitting on the stile,
But the bull-dog in the front yard
Keeps barking all the while;
Why don't you tell your pa, Mary,
Or John, if he's about,
To ask your Sammy Slocum in,
And make the dog git out?

Now, I'm sitting on the fence, Mary,
Before the kitchen door,
But the pesky bull-dog
Barks louder than before;
And I thought I saw a shadow, Mary,
A shadow slim and tall,
All arms and legs, like Reuben Brown,
Against the whitewashed wall.

If that is Reuben's shadow, Mary,
If that is Reuben's shade,
'Twill bring the 'speasy back on me,
I'm very much afraid;
Oh, why this cruel treatment,
Why keep me in suspense;
Why don't you make the dog git out,
And let me off the fence?

And mammy's knitting stockings now
To buy a cotton web,
One half the sheets are to be mine,
And half for sister Deb;
And mammy says whichever one
First brings a partner hum
Shall have the pumpkin-blossom quilt—
Say, Mary, won't you come?

Gee whillikins! you ought to see
The rooster and the hen,
That uncle Peleg Shackleford
Sent me by cousin Ben;
I guess he wakes the folks around,
When he gins out to crow—
If he was here to blow his horn,
He'd bring you out, I know.

A SPEECH

National Subjects.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN,
I arise, dat is I git up higher den I was when I was down dar. I rise to argue de cause of de rich man, agin de poor man. De rich man horizontalises his emancipated form, upon a mahogany sofa, hewed out, cut down and surveyed from de tall cedars ob Lebanon, dat grew on de proud cap, and ever memorable mountain of Jehosaphat. Not so wid de poor man, de poor man, declines his expectations in a cottage, circumscribed to some invaginant stream, and den after callin around him his wife and de rest ob his orphan children, an' he teaches dem to sow and to mow, and to more subliminary deciderations and to prespire to higher scenes of immortality beyond de narrow precincts ob a chilly hog pen.—And farder more, Ladies & Gentlemen, I will say some ting about dis glorious republic. It is wide—vast—and in de Soufe-West—unlim't d. We are destined to reanex—all Soufe America and Cuba, and agin to reoccupy all dese Russian possessions won from de French on de plains of Abraham for all rightful owners to reoccupy. Europe, it ain't no whar—it is a mere obsolete idea. We've got faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, higher mountains, deeper cataraets, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, handsomer wimmen, braver men, bigger babies, and more money, den England dar have.

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger."

"My eyes may be very little, sir, but such people as you don't fill them!" She chawed him that time, didn't she?

A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster cast his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you've outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!"

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation:

"My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am just half through my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

"How is it," said one little Miss to another, "that John is never afraid, and I am?" "Because he's got a Roman nose, and feels safe. Don't you remember how we read 'that it has always been said that a Roman knows—no danger?'"

"O, Mary, my heart is breaking!"—"Is it, indeed, Mr. Closest?" So much the better for you. "Why?" "Because when it is broken out, you may sell the pieces for gun flints."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street, N. Y.
NEW-YORK, Nov. '58.

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At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

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January 1, 1859. (6m.)

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CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad), Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge.
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ELFELAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of Barthol's Sewing Machines, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superseding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13-1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH. He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of SHOES and BOOTS constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-ly

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134-1y.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

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HIDES! HIDES!!
Cash paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.